

The Listener

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JUN 25 1958
CHICAGO

Horse chestnuts in bloom by Willy Lott's cottage, Flatford, Suffolk

J. Allan Cash

In this number:

Must an Educator Have an Aim? (Richard Peters)
The Moscow Art Theatre: Old and New (Nicolas Nabokov)
The Church and England (Rev. Joseph McCulloch)

RICH DARK HONEYDEW



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June

Mention Hounslow Heath and most people will think of Dick Turpin and his friends. Few will remember that the Heath was the scene of the first recorded polo match in England, between the 9th Lancers and the 10th Hussars. That was in 1871 and a lot of polo has been played since. Indeed, we are now in the middle of the 1958 season, but the news is unlikely to stir the blood of the ordinary man. If he thinks of polo at all, it is as a kind of hockey on horseback. (He would be nearer the mark to think of hockey as a kind of polo on foot.) Regrettable though it may be, the fact remains that polo is unlikely ever to become Everyman's cup of tea. Clearly, then, its appeal must be vastly different from that of the Midland Bank which, with every day that passes, becomes more and more the bank for everybody.

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The Listener

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Portrait of General de Gaulle

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

LA France a perdu une bataille, mais elle n'a pas perdu une guerre: those prophetic words first appeared on a poster bearing the crossed Tricolor of France, plastered all over the streets in London in June 1940, at the moment when Marshal Pétain, Laval, and the rest were meekly accepting defeat at Adolf Hitler's hands. The man who wrote those words was the then forty-nine-year-old Brigadier - General Charles André Joseph-Marie de Gaulle. And, overnight, those words turned him from a little-known junior general—little-known, that is, outside certain French Army circles—into a public and magnificent figure of the Frenchman and leader of Frenchmen who refused to stomach apparent utter and final defeat.

Charles de Gaulle was born in the northern industrial city of Lille, equipped with the dour and laborious temperament of the region. His father was a professor of philosophy at a Jesuit-run school. Briefly summarised, the story of his life, up to that historic moment in 1940, is as follows:

Educated at a Roman Catholic school in Paris, he then went to Saint-Cyr, the French Sandhurst; passed out into an infantry regiment in 1913, a regiment commanded by a Colonel Philippe Pétain. In later years, the two men must often have looked back to those

days when they little knew how strangely fate was going to shape their ends. De Gaulle did brilliantly in the first world war until he was seriously wounded and taken prisoner at Verdun, in March 1916. So brilliantly did he do, in fact, that in a citation at the time, General Pétain—as he was then—wrote of de Gaulle: 'High intellectual and moral value', and described him as 'a peerless officer in every way'.

Between the two wars, de Gaulle was on the staff, taught military history, at Saint-Cyr, and held other posts, too many to mention here. Most important of all, he formed the view that official French military thinking was hopelessly out of date: and, being a forthright character, he said so. He did it in the now famous book, *Towards the Professional Army*. This stressed the vital need for a professional army of mechanised and armoured forces fully instructed in co-operation between infantry, tanks, and aircraft—an army, above all, imbued with the thrusting spirit instead of the defensive Maginot Line complex. This audacity earned him the sharp disapproval of the Generals, including Pétain. They regarded his theories as military blasphemy, and his public expression of them as an act of indiscipline.

In the brief spell of fighting before the fall of France, de Gaulle's unit, the 4th Armoured Division, was one of the



General de Gaulle (right) with President Coty outside the Elysée Palace on May 31, after the President had asked General de Gaulle to form a government

two French units which not only held the Germans but also sent them reeling back, showing what could be done. The other unit which did the same thing was the 14th Division under de Lattre de Tassigny.

This is no place for a detailed recital of de Gaulle's leadership of the Free French during the war. It is enough to say that he proved himself a man impossible not to respect, and a man almost impossible to like—harsh, aloof, implacable; probably abnormally so because of his hideously difficult position in exile—the leader of a handful of brave expatriates; together dependent first upon British, and later, Anglo-American tolerance. He has moods when the small change of politeness is not for him. I well remember one morning, relatively early in the war, when I went to his headquarters in Carlton Gardens to see one of his staff. The night before, Admiral Muselier of the Free French forces had been arrested on a trumped up charge manufactured by members of the British and Free French Secret Services. The charge was that he had given advance warning of the operation at Dakar—which turned out of course to be a disastrous failure. There was no love lost between Muselier and de Gaulle, but the General was rightly rabid at the way the thing had been done. As we were standing in a corridor, he came up to my friend, and then, regarding me, asked with icy disdain: '*Qui est ce monsieur?*' He knew well who I was and that I was British, and obviously wanted to sting me.

So I replied, looking him full in the eye, that I was engaged in doing 'unmentionable things'—*des choses inavouables*. I said it as curtly as I could, and he had the grace to blush a little and then move off. The point is that I have never been more conscious of a man's desire to wound by rudeness.

One thing, of course, the General has in extreme degree: a love for France—or perhaps I should say a France of his own imagining; for his views on the French people are more than tinged with the kind of cynicism which is surprised by no shortcoming; but with his inner ideal of France he feels closely identified—hence the many jokes during the war about de Gaulle's regarding himself as a second Joan of Arc.

Still, all that is in the past. The real question in most people's minds is, how will de Gaulle use the power that he now seems certain to get? The very question implies the fear that he may have a leaning towards dictatorial powers. Only he can answer it by his future actions. But, if his past actions are any criterion, the fear is unjustified. When he was in office more than twelve years ago he was rough with his Ministers, gave them little liberty, and made it clear (consciously or not) that he regarded them as second-raters. Furthermore, he was plainly unable to endure the intrigue and manoeuvre of party politics. But the thing is that he chose to leave instead of trying to force his will on the nation. What is more, a few months later, in a speech that he made at Bayeux in Normandy, he described dictatorship as an adventure which history had shown was bound to end in ruin and disaster.

In any event, he has long since made it clear that what he would like is something along American lines, with a powerful President but subject to parliamentary checks. In other words, here seems to be a man, not hungry for power yet willing to wield it to a high degree once it is acquired. But also a man who will not cling to power against the wishes of a majority of his countrymen.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

* Broadcast on May 31

Changes in Paris and Foreign Policy

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

IT is impossible to foresee how long it will take until some sort of new stability has been achieved in France. What does seem certain is that there will be a government firmer in intention than anything we have known since the end of the war, and far more jealous of France's reputation on the stage of world politics.

The fact is that the revolution in France and Algeria—for it is a revolution—means that the Western glacier in the Cold War has cracked. I am not suggesting that a government under General de Gaulle will embark at once upon independent negotiations with the Russians at the expense of the North Atlantic Alliance. What does seem inevitable is that a new French regime will be less likely to acquiesce in the view that the world's only serious international problem is the problem of Soviet imperialism. Such a view leads inevitably to the acceptance of Anglo-American leadership in world affairs, since the United States and the United Kingdom are the two countries most capable of resisting the encroachment of Soviet power. It leads to the conclusion that other problems—those of the Middle East, for instance, or of North Africa—have to be subordinated to the paramount requirements of the Cold War.

It is to this factor that the French ascribe the disasters that have overtaken Western policy in Indo-China, in the Middle East, and in North Africa. There has been no co-operation among the leading Western Powers with interests in these areas, and no effective political consultation. So far as I know, the question of Algeria has never come up for serious discussion at any meeting of the North Atlantic Council. The result of all this lack of co-operation is that there has been a series of unplanned Western retreats, instead of a number of orderly concessions that might have earned—if nothing else—the reward of popularity. The main burden of those retreats has fallen upon the weakest partner among the chief Western Powers, upon the people of France. If there is a rational defence for the uprising

in Algeria, it can rest only on the argument that from Algeria the French cannot afford to retreat.

So we must be prepared for the fact that a government under General de Gaulle will rearrange the international agenda in order to bring it into line with what are felt to be the immediate requirements of French security and prestige. Its eyes will be on North Africa rather than on Russia and the Cold War. It will be more interested in the solidarity of Europe than in the military requirements of the American General Staff. It will, of course, recognise the fact of American leadership, although not unconditionally. General de Gaulle has made it plain that he does not approve of the limitations that the North Atlantic Alliance has imposed upon French sovereignty. What is certain is that a government under his leadership will not recognise anything like an Anglo-American axis in world affairs, or any attempt of the United Kingdom Government to maintain a special relationship with Washington from which France is excluded.

On the other hand, such a government is almost sure to expect the United Kingdom to play a great part in Europe, and we must be prepared for the fact that, eventually, French pressure to draw the United Kingdom into European affairs will increase. I do not think General de Gaulle has changed his view—which he expressed so strongly in 1947—that the future of Europe rests on an Anglo-French friendship that is real and sincere.

What, then, about the French attitude to the Soviet Union? The indications are that it is likely to be a good deal more flexible than in the past, with a greater willingness to move away from the safety of prepared positions into the dangerous jungle where negotiations are possible, at least in theory. A great deal will depend upon the skill of the Russian leaders: if they show any signs of goodwill—well, that is a problem for the future. We shall have to wait and see.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

The Last Chance for Cyprus?

By NEIL BRUCE, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent

SOON after I returned to Cyprus recently, after a month's absence, I drove down to the sea at Kyrenia. I had with me a stranger to the island, and I took him to see a little wine shop and general store which is well known there. I thought at first that I had taken the wrong turning, for I could not find it; but then I realised that I was in the right place—the wine shop was there, but the English sign with the proprietor's name on it had gone. He is a Greek Cypriot, and when we were sitting in the shop he told me what had happened. One night he had received an anonymous telephone call. A voice told him that if he did not take the English sign down by the next morning he would be shot; so, reluctantly, he had taken down the sign. All over the island the same thing had happened. Eoka had started a campaign for removing all English signs, leaving only the Greek. Road signs, shop names, advertisements—all have been painted out when they are in English. In the Turkish quarters the Turkish Cypriots have followed suit and left only Turkish names.

That is one small sign of the deterioration of atmosphere in Cyprus in the past few weeks. More significant is the reimposition, towards the end of last month, of emergency measures for the 25,000 members of the British security forces on the island. Men can only leave their camps in groups of four. They are armed at all times, whether in uniform or in civilian clothes. For example, parties of soldiers driving to Kyrenia to swim have to have a man with a rifle across his knees at the end of each lorry, and another on the van. This is the first time in over a year that these regulations have been in force. They were reimposed after Eoka issued a leaflet threatening further violence against the British. Three British members of the security forces have, in fact, been shot. But, since then, Eoka violence has been

directed not against the British but against Greek Cypriots. A new and more bitter campaign of violence and intimidation has been unleashed against members of left-wing organisations, and against all those Greek Cypriots who have been critical of Eoka, or who are thought to have opposed it.

Now the Turkish Cypriot underground resistance organisation,



Villagers of Lefkoniko, supervised by a British soldier, putting into a box information about the killing on May 23 of a Greek Cypriot. All the inhabitants were ordered to give anonymously in writing any facts which they might possess about the murder



A Cypriot being searched for arms at a roadblock, after seventeen bombs had been found in a house in the village of Pyla

T.M.T., has followed suit and in the past ten days we have had a series of murders, some of which have been particularly brutal in character, inside each of the two communities. Everyone, whether British, Greek or Turkish Cypriot—waits for the Government's statement of policy, which is to be made in the next two and a half weeks, with foreboding but also with something of a sense of relief, for the past few months have imposed a considerable strain on the island: months of waiting for the announcement of a policy that has never emerged. In that time there has been no sign that the demands made by the extremes on either side have been modified in any important manner. The Turks still cry '*Taksim*'—'Partition and nothing but partition'; the two communities can never live together. The Greek Cypriots call for self-determination and the return of Archbishop Makarios: and this, the Turks say in turn means Enosis—or union with Greece—and they will not accept that.

The criticism often heard, that the people of Cyprus have not been consulted on their own future, has little validity. No one who has spent any time in Cyprus recently can be in any doubt about the wishes of the two sections of the Cypriot people, nor of the futility of further prolonged discussions, which up to now have been fruitless. So it is clear that the government is going to impose a solution—one which is thought to offer the best prospects for both communities on the island.

But it is also clear that there is no magic formula; that no possible solution can be devised in the present circumstances which would be acceptable at the same time to Colonel Grivas and Eoka and to the leaders of the 'Cyprus is Turkish' party. To expect such a formula is to court disaster. There is certain to be disagreement over the announced solution, and there is a

fear that violence of some kind may well continue on the part of one or other of the extremes for some time to come. The danger is that, if the present series of murders continues, the announcement would come in an atmosphere which makes acceptance impossible by either side. At the worst, Cyprus could

degenerate into another Palestine; at the best, moderate opinion on both sides may accept the fact that the time for negotiation is past, and that this is the last chance for Cyprus. If the government policy is flatly rejected by either side—and it cannot satisfy both—there is no hope of peace.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

What the Rioting in Ceylon Means

By E. R. LEACH

THE riots in Ceylon which have led to the establishment of martial law in the city of Colombo and in other parts of the island are not the first of their kind. At first sight the rioting might appear to be concerned with two entirely different kinds of issue. In the first place the commercial life of Colombo has, for months past, been disrupted by a long series of strikes. These have followed a pattern with which we are familiar in this country; the strikers have been striking for higher wages, while at the same time the various trade union leaders have been playing politics one against the other. Last week the Government intervened to end a month-old strike among the employees of the Colombo firms handling the export of tea, rubber, and coconut products. The riots which followed were directed not only against the firms concerned but also against rival trade unionists.

But outside Colombo the riots have been following a different pattern. In Ceylon, political issues are uncomfortably similar to those of Ireland and Cyprus. The population comprises two main sectors—the Sinhalese-speaking majority are mostly Buddhists; the Tamil-speaking minority are mostly Hindu—so any issue which puts the Sinhalese in opposition to the Tamils arouses the most violent religious passions. The last general election, some two years ago, was won by a curious coalition of parties which had little in common except a joint determination to exploit the 'language issue' for political ends. During the period of British colonial rule the 'official' language of Ceylon was English, while Sinhalese and Tamil enjoyed equal status as the two main indigenous languages; but the present Government came to power on a programme which committed it to making Sinhalese alone the official national language, while reducing both English and Tamil to very inferior status.

Such a change would entail complicated repercussions for the whole of Ceylon life. It has drastic implications for the whole educational system and would also, of course, radically curtail the opportunities of advancement open to the ordinary educated Tamil youth. But the really vicious aspect of the Government's language programme is that it serves to whip up religious hostilities and to entangle them with two other highly explosive political sentiments—resentment against 'foreigners' and resentment against 'colonial exploitation'. Clearly the notion that Sinhalese should be the 'national language of Ceylon' implies that the Tamil Hindus are foreigners, which ignores the fact that the main settlements of Tamils in the north and east of the island have been in existence for about 2,000 years. So the Government's

language policy alone is sufficient to explain the Sinhalese-Tamil riots, but there is more to it than that.

The economic welfare of Ceylon as a whole is critically dependent upon the prosperity of the tea industry. The tea industry is a creation of the British firms which still own the tea estates. But the labourers employed on the tea estates are not Ceylonese.

They are the descendants of immigrants who came to Ceylon from India during the nineteenth century, and are mostly stateless citizens; the Ceylon Government does not recognise them as Ceylonese; the Indian Government does not recognise them as Indians. But here is the crux: these stateless labourers are mostly Tamil speaking.

So here is the curious situation. The welfare of Ceylon is dependent upon an industry which is not only owned by foreigners but is also worked by foreigners, and the foreigners are in the one case English and the other Tamil. So the language issue, the political thesis that Ceylon is a Buddhist-Sinhalese country, provides the focus not only for religious passion but also for anti-foreign and anti-colonial passions at the same time. It feeds back, too, into the rivalries between the trade union leaders and between the different factions of Ceylon's political life. For example, of the three main left-wing parties, two attempt to play down the issue of language and religion, while the third consistently plays it up.

Until Ceylon politicians become less unscrupulous in such matters the outlook will remain extremely grave, and Tamil-Sinhalese rioting will certainly recur.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)



Tamil worker on a tea estate in Ceylon

The Tea Bureau

Speaking about the recent General Election in Belgium in 'Radio Newsreel', ANDRÉ CHARLIER said:

There will probably be some sort of a coalition till the World Fair is over, but as soon as the Belgians are among themselves again, Parliament will most likely be dissolved and a new General Election held. The shift in the voting, which spread like an avalanche from the Left to the Right, gathering momentum as it did so, had not been forecast by even the most experienced observers. The Socialist-Liberal Government had enjoyed four years of uneventful rule. It had profited by economic prosperity; it had reduced conscription from twenty-four to fifteen months; it had carried out an ambitious programme of public works and although it had not originally planned the World Fair, it appeared that it would reap the benefit of its success. But it antagonised many people because of the school issue. Another possible reason for the Government's defeat is to be sought in the high taxes.

A New Constitution for Singapore

By ANDREW ROTH

FOR the past two weeks two sets of constitutional planners have been busy at the Colonial Office putting the finishing touches on the new constitutional structure into which Singapore will move after next winter's elections. It is not a structure built to house a completely self-governing state: there will be no rooms for a ministry of foreign affairs or a ministry of defence. These affairs will still be directed from Westminster, although Singapore will have some leeway in trade and cultural relations. The new constitutional structure will house a government which is completely self-governing in all internal matters. Britain will not intervene in internal affairs unless massive riots or an insurrection threatens—and then only with the assent of the adjoining Federation of Malaya.

The skeleton of Singapore's new constitutional structure was decided on in April 1957 when its shrewd Chief Minister, Mr. Lim Yew Hock, and his all-party delegation reached an agreement with the British Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd. The only subject on which they could not reach agreement was on the banning of candidates in the first elections under the new Constitution. The Colonial Secretary said that the Communist underground in Singapore was cunning and ruthless. Precautions had to be taken to see that they did not undermine the structure from the outset. At that time he proposed, with the backing of the British Cabinet, that people known to be subversive should be banned from election to the first Assembly.

The Singapore delegation was fully conscious of the power and pervasiveness of the Communist underground. A bare six months before, the Chief Minister had felt it necessary to detain as subversive threats six leading members of the extremist wing of the left-wing People's Action Party. But the delegation felt this official ban was not the proper approach. It was up to the Singapore parties or Government to block the Communists, not the British Government. The Singapore Government must not only be the master of its own house on internal affairs but seem the master of its own house. It was only on this subject that they disagreed in April 1957.

Although this outline agreement was ready a year ago, a constitutional draftsman could not begin work on it immediately. Singapore's Assembly had to decide how its foreign-born residents might become voters under the new status of 'Singapore citizens'. Over 300,000 persons, mainly born in China, have since become 'Singapore citizens'.

When the Colonial Office draftsman finally sat down last autumn to make detailed plans there were several problems. He had not been present at the April talks and thus could not know fully the spirit in which certain compromises were made. There is also a big gap between a skeleton agreement and an intricate constitutional structure that will stand up under legal stress. It is the difference between telling an architect vaguely that you want a comfortable sitting-room with plenty of windows and adequate heating and his having to convert that into an exact number of square feet of floor space, window space, fireplaces and radiators.

The Colonial Office insists that there was no intention, in drawing up the draft constitution, of departing from the spirit or text of the April 1957 agreement. But Singapore's Chief Minister, Mr. Lim Yew Hock, said when he arrived in London at the beginning of May, that there were twenty-nine points of dis-

agreement between the Singapore all-party delegation and the Colonial Office draftsman.

During the last two weeks of talks the only subject on which the two sides agreed to disagree was on the ban on subversive candidates. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, said that he could see no lessening of the coming Communist threat to Singapore's democratic institutions. However, in consideration of the Singapore delegation's sentiments he agreed to remove this ban from the Constitution itself and place it in the preliminary order in council which will order the general elections some time next winter. The left-wing People's Action Party has made it clear, through its leader, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, that it will feel free to dissolve the Assembly if it wins these elections and to hold another election without this ban.

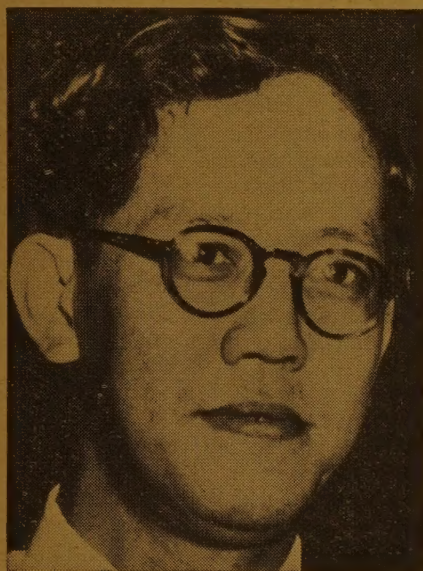
It was easier to win agreement on other subjects. It had been agreed that Her Majesty's chief representative in Singapore would be called the United Kingdom Commissioner. The Colonial Office draftsman gave him precedence over all Singapore's Ministers save the Prime Minister and gave him access to the confidential Minutes of Singapore's Cabinet. The Singapore delegation successfully argued that the Commissioner should have precedence over all other Commonwealth and foreign representatives but not over Singapore's Ministers. Instead of letting him see confidential Minutes, they agreed to let him see not only the Cabinet agenda but also a list of decisions on matters affecting Britain's responsibilities for defence, foreign affairs, and, ultimately, internal security.

The Colonial Office draftsman also attempted unsuccessfully to strengthen the powers of the Internal Security Council, on which Britain and Singapore will sit, with a representative of the Federation of Malaya having the deciding vote. The Singapore delegation also rebuffed what some of them considered an effort to convert some of Singapore's present civil servants into the immovable pillars of the new structure.

In exchange for these concessions to Singapore's needs, the Singapore delegation made concessions to the needs of Britain and its colonial service. The delegation agreed to guarantee retired British civil servants their current retirement pensions at the present exchange rates, after the Colonial Secretary maintained that this guarantee was necessary to keep up the morale of the colonial services in other British possessions.

The Singapore delegation knew Singapore has been named British chief military and naval base in south and south-east Asia in the recent White Paper on Defence. They also knew how much employment these bases provide for Singapore's under-employed and fast-growing population. They found it impossible to include in the preamble of their Constitution the Colonial Secretary's phrase about 'the importance of Singapore in the defence of the free world'. But they did give Britain the same facilities for operating its bases as was recently accorded by Singapore's neighbour, the fully independent Federation of Malaya.

Although some delegates described the talks as 'tough', the Chief Minister said he was satisfied that points of substance had been settled to Singapore's satisfaction—'London Calling Asia'.



Mr. Lim Yew Hock, Chief Minister of Singapore, who headed the all-party delegation to London to discuss the new Constitution

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Aims in Education

WHAT are the aims of education? This is a question which not only divides educationists between nations but within nations. Mr. Richard Peters, who is a lecturer in philosophy of the modern British kind, that is to say, an analyst, discusses in the first of two talks given in the Third Programme (which is printed on another page) the question of what these 'aims' really are. In his view 'most disputes about the aims of education are disputes about principles of procedure rather than about "aims" in the sense of objectives to be arrived at by taking appropriate means'. Thus educationists dispute whether one should spare the rod and spoil the child, whether children should be led or moulded, whether they should be instructed in an authoritarian manner or induced to master rational explanations. General aims, such as the construction of a classless society, are, Mr. Peters suggests, grandiose rather than exact. The crucial question that must be asked is about the nature of the procedures adopted to fulfil the aims: then we get down to 'moral brass tacks'.

If we move away from the realm of the analytical philosopher we see that most educational systems today are overcrowded. In the United States and in Germany, for example, where practically every hard-working adolescent has the right to a chance of a university education, there is a constant pressure towards huge classes and streamlined courses. Every British university is at present faced with the question of how to expand to meet the post-war bulge. State schools nearly everywhere are confronted with difficulties in obtaining good teachers (particularly of scientific subjects) at the salaries that are offered, of finding better accommodation for pupils and more up-to-date facilities. It is far from easy to follow the right educational procedures in these circumstances. What is possible and is a genuine matter of conflicting opinion is the selection of subjects to be taught, rather than how they are taught; for that, after all, depends largely upon the personality and ingenuity of the teacher (some are by nature authoritarians, others are rationalists, and some cannot teach anyway).

Broadly there are three kinds of education, liberal, technical, and vocational. Can they be mixed? Ought they to be mixed and if so in what proportions? This surely is one of the central problems of the modern world. In the United States where there are some 3,000,000 students at the universities and the school-leaving age is higher than in Britain the technical and vocational are outstripping the liberal. At American State universities students are usually required to take courses in some scientific subjects. In England it is only at the University College of North Staffordshire that the blending of scientific and arts subjects is a part of the curriculum. Mr. Peters might say that this selection of subjects is what he calls procedural: the aim will be whether one wants to produce a rounded citizen, a socially integrated person or a conditioned technician. But if this is so, surely it is an important matter to decide first what one's ultimate educational aim should be. Procedures may pervert ends; but equally ends determine procedures. It still seems essential at least at the higher levels of education to decide firmly upon aims: there is generally a choice of methods by which those aims can be achieved, and the method that is selected may have to be the most practical one.

What They Are Saying

Paris and Moscow

ON JUNE 1, General de Gaulle named his Cabinet and, before asking for a vote of confidence, addressed the National Assembly. He said that he proposed that he should once again lead France to salvation and, to this end, asked that his Government be invested with full powers for six months to enable it to act with efficacy, rapidity, and responsibility. Some hours earlier, the Communist-led C.G.T. called for demonstrations throughout France to coincide with the General's appearance before the Assembly.

From France, a number of newspapers were quoted as stressing the responsibility which lay on the Socialists, who were faced with the choice between de Gaulle and a Popular Front with the Communists. In the words of *Le Figaro*, if the Socialists chose the latter course, 'they would have everything to lose, as in Czechoslovakia, Poland, and elsewhere. And they would lose the nation with them'. The left-wing *Combat* was quoted as saying:

We do not repudiate any of our beliefs. We have discovered neither the providential man nor a single totalitarian party. But a nation can appeal to someone who has served it in the darkest hours and call on him, when the shortcomings of the regime are obvious, to head a Republican government, in order to calm passions, to re-group men of good-will, to re-establish the unity of the nation and to restore Republican authority.

The French Communist press was outspokenly hostile to General de Gaulle and appealed for strikes and the rallying of all who were against dictatorship to prevent his coming to power.

Moscow radio continued to give wide publicity to French Communist Party statements, but itself abstained from labelling the General as 'fascist' or 'dictator'. The general line was that the choice before France was 'between the Republic and dictatorship'. Since the appearance of General de Gaulle on the horizon, Moscow radio—after innumerable broadcasts in past years claiming that parliaments such as the French are unrepresentative of the people and that her Communist-excluded government was leading France to disaster—has been identifying the Government with 'the defenders of the Republic' and affirmed that parliament 'reflects the will of the people'. It was left to satellite broadcasts to be more outspoken against General de Gaulle in person. Thus the East German radio described the General as 'the initiator of the fascist insurrection movement against the Fourth Republic', against which 'a common front is known to be forming of Communists, Socialists, Radicals, and even M.R.P.' Prague radio quoted Mr. Richard Crossman's article in the *Daily Mirror* and said there was little difference between the 'double cross' (the Cross of Lorraine) and the Swastika. (An Algiers broadcast said the choice was 'between the Hammer and Sickle and the Cross of Lorraine'.)

From the U.S.A., a number of newspapers—though critical of de Gaulle—were quoted stressing that the choice was between him and civil war. Apprehensions were expressed about the General's policy towards Nato and Moscow.

The Warsaw Pact meeting in Moscow, and the speeches by the various Communist leaders at its conclusion, received extensive publicity in Communist broadcasts. Emphasis was laid on the passage in the Declaration proposing a non-aggression pact between Nato and the Warsaw Pact, but little publicity was given to the announcement in it that the Soviet Union would shortly withdraw its troops from Rumania (one of the countries proposed to be represented at the summit conference) and also one division from Hungary. Even the speech in Moscow by the Rumanian Communist Prime Minister himself contained only the briefest passing reference, at the end of the speech, to the announcement. Much publicity was given to Mr. Khrushchev's speech at the conference in which, *inter alia*, he said that if the West went ahead with its schemes for rocket bases in Western Europe, the Warsaw Treaty States would 'be compelled by circumstances to consider the question of stationing rocket weapons in the German Democratic Republic, Poland and Czechoslovakia'. Mr. Khrushchev again asserted that the questions of Germany and Eastern Europe were unacceptable as subjects of discussion at a summit meeting.

Did You Hear That?

ECCENTRICITY IN PARIS

A GROUP OF ECCENTRICS, who call themselves the '27 Club', recently opened an unusual exhibition in Paris. It was described by THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent, in 'Today'. 'I have heard of some odd collectors' fancies in my time', he said, 'and even seen some individual efforts—matchbox lids, cigar bands, and tram tickets, for example—but never before have I come across such a concentration of variety, if I can put it in that way.'

'The first thing to catch the eye is a constellation of gaily and multi-coloured earthenware ash-trays, hanging from one of the walls. They are all sizes and all shapes. Some of them carry advertising matter and were, presumably, meant to be "pinched"; others, I fear, must have been removed when the owners were not looking. Spread about on nearby show cases are groups of stuffed frogs under glass bells, frogs with great fat shining bellies looking grotesquely human, all the more because they have been mounted around billiard and card tables, miniature ones, of course, and some are holding miniature mugs and glasses in their scratchy little paws.'

'Then there are mustard pots by the dozen, each in some way or other different from the rest. One obviously dates from the first world war, for it is in the shape of a pig's head with a German spiked helmet or *Pickelhaube* on top. What else? Some original spirit has spent his, or her, time in collecting the outer wrappers of lavatory paper. These strike the eye, not so much by any vividness of hue, as by such trade marks as 'Invincible', 'Elephant', 'Pygmy' and—an up-to-date touch, this—'The Atomic'. Cigar bands are there, too; liqueur bottles and Toby jugs of unusual design, and then suddenly a pathetic, isolated little thing—a framed, humble letter written by young Bernadette Soubirous, ninety-nine years ago, not long after her visions at Lourdes had started the now famous shrine.'

'Away from that to labels of all kinds, including at least a couple of hundred from Camembert cheese-box tops. They all run to bright colours, and some carry their own meaning; for example, one from Domrémy has a picture of Joan of Arc. Another illustrates the fable of the crow, the fox, and the cheese. Finally, there is one which deserves special mention, for it is based on a monstrous, an appalling, a ghastly pun. It shows a portrait of Marshal Joffre of first world war fame, and underneath it says: "*Joffre un beau Camembert*".'

TRANSPORT TREASURES

'Transport Treasures' is the title of an exhibition which is now touring the country. The 'treasures', which belong to the British Transport Commission, include two royal trains and a 1914 dining-car, and there are a number of specially equipped railway coaches in which relics are displayed. JOHN WATMOUGH spoke about the exhibition in 'The Eye-witness'.

'Queen Victoria's coach, maroon, white, and gold, with ornate gilded fittings and carved woodwork, really rather feminine in appearance, has become, sadly, a curiosity', he said. 'Briefly, it was built in 1869 as two coaches, each with six wheels, and they were the very first to be connected by a flexible gangway. Twenty-six years later, in 1895, they were made into one coach. It was never used after the Queen died, and not until 1957 was it restored, and now, surely, it is the most palatial concentration of silks and tassels and frills you could imagine. It is cosy and it is queenly, but its decor is overpoweringly "busy".'

'Even the heavily furnished compartments at either end where

the attendants sat, the saloon which was used by Her Majesty's ladies, the flowery metal fittings, the glass door-knobs, and everywhere the quilted silks on the ceilings, could have belonged to no one but Victoria, and certainly no one but a Victorian could have sat at ease in the blue sitting-room: blue walls, blue curtains, blue couch and blue chairs, lampshades which seem to wear petticoats beneath their dresses, meticulously embroidered straps and sashes, and a tassel on almost anything that could carry one. And there is the bedroom, crimson walls and green curtains, and on each of the two beds—a lady in waiting occupied the other—a little hold-all for personal belongings. Fitted



The blue sitting-room in Queen Victoria's railway carriage, built in 1869 by the London and North-Western Railway. The carriage is part of an exhibition of 'Transport Treasures' now touring the country; from June 7 to 18 it will be at Carlisle

into the ceilings are gas-lights, but Her Majesty preferred oil lamps and candles, so the gas-lights were never used.

'Though Victoria's coach is Victorian, Edward VII's coach is not entirely Edwardian, because during the first world war, King George V and Queen Mary lived in it for days on end all over the country. Because food was not plentiful, they avoided staying with friends. King George VI used it too, and it was during the second war that the coach was painted maroon and the beautiful handrails painted over to prevent recognition from the air. Though the leather and mahogany smoking room to the right of the vestibule entrance is perhaps as it was originally, the room on the other side, the day room, has been changed. The green rep on some of the furniture, and the Jacobean fabrics on the rest, were provided on the instructions of Queen Mary. There are a radio and a telephone too. Next to the King's bedroom, which has a magnificent silver-plated bed and satin-wood dressing table, was a dressing room, and that also was changed, into a very pleasant bathroom.'

'There is another coach in the exhibition—a 1914 dining-car, built at a time when the quality of railway coaches was at its peak. It displays contemporary pots and pans and the original gas range, and crockery and cutlery of the day.'

'Two special coaches in the exhibition display fascinating relics which tell the story of transport. The models are a schoolboy's delight: barges, dredgers, and steamers, stagecoaches and buses, and remarkably accurate models of trains. There are policemen's truncheons, signalling equipment, and the seals of the old rail-

way companies. All this is made possible because, in 1951, British Railways established a special department to collect and to care for the relics of transport. It is rather odd, or perhaps it is because time has not been too gentle, that it is Victoria's coach, the oldest of them all, which still has that atmosphere of being lived in'.

FINDS AT HAZOR

The remarkable results of the first three seasons of excavation at the site of the great biblical city of Hazor are now on show to the public in a special exhibition at the British Museum. These excavations are being directed by Dr. Yigael Yadin on behalf of the University of Jerusalem and the Anglo-Israel Exploration Society. Generous support was given by the late James A. de Rothschild, in whose memory the exhibition is held. NORMAN BENTWICH described some of the exhibits in 'The Eye-witness'. 'Three thousand and five hundred years ago', he said, 'before the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, Hazor was the big city of the Canaanites in northern Galilee. When the Children of Israel entered the Holy Land, Joshua smote the King of Hazor and burned the city. As it is said in his book: "And Joshua turned back and took Hazor and smote the King with the sword. For Hazor before time was the head of all those kingdoms". There were two parts of Hazor built on two hills that rise steeply from the plain. The smaller was the citadel and the fortress, and contained the royal palaces and the homes of the nobles. The bigger was inhabited by 40,000 people with their temples, their tombs, and their shops. That part of the city was not rebuilt after Joshua burned it.

'When I was there a year ago, I saw the explorers digging in several spots of the huge mound of the city. They had uncovered a temple complete with the stones of worship and the seated image of a god, and a pottery store full of jars and jugs which were used by the worshippers. One of the basalt slabs had the design of the outstretched arms of a man praying. I saw, too, the citadel on the other hill where they had uncovered layers of palaces dating from 1300 B.C. to 700 B.C. There was the hall of the palace built by the wicked King Ahab, and the burned rooms of King Pekah, who in the eighth century B.C. was taken into captivity by the Assyrians. After I was there the expedition discovered more exciting monuments and objects in both mounds, a second temple with a huge altar of basalt, and the stonework of the gate of the fortress built by King Solomon, as we read in the Bible: "This is the reason of the levy which King Solomon raised, to build the House of the Lord and the walls of Jerusalem and Hazor".

'The exhibition at the British Museum displays the most exciting objects which have been found and pictures which show all the history of the city. You can see the stone slabs of the temple and the altar with a system of canals to drain the blood of the sacrifices, and, from the pottery workshop, a face-mask which was used by a priest. From one of the temples there is a basalt lion which was placed against the wall, from the other a standard of bronze-silver gilt, with the figure of a snake goddess which must have been carried by a priest.

'From the citadel we can see the fragment of a pottery wine jar marked for King Pekah with a description of the wine that was in it. That must have been a part of the royal tithe. There is, too, a big sea shell, such as is found in the Red Sea, pierced to be used as a trumpet for summoning the garrison. From the palace of King Ahab, husband of the wicked Queen Jezebel, we see an ivory palette for cosmetics with sculptured sphinxes. This exhibition gives a vivid picture of the religion and the life and manners of the Canaanites and the Children of Israel more than 3,000 years ago in the ancient city of Hazor'.

KEEPING OUT THE SEA

'I sailed to Holland last year in my little yacht *Jenny*', said JOHN SEYMOUR speaking in 'Through East Anglian Eyes'. 'We landed at Flushing, on the island of Walcheren. The island was completely

treeless. I thought that this showed a lack of initiative on the part of the inhabitants, and then I realised that all the trees were killed when the north of the island was flooded by the R.A.F. during the war—in order to reduce the German garrison at West Kappelle—and the southern half was flooded during the 1953 floods. Every growing thing had of course been killed by the salt water.

'I saw where the gaps had been repaired. One could see where the roof-top-level floods had thundered in and gouged great canyons out of the fields. Further north—in the island of Schouwen-Duiveland—I saw where it had been necessary to

float great mulberry harbour caissons in and sink them in the gaps. The Dutch made the proud boast that they never yield an inch to the sea. The expense of reclaiming the Zeeland islands after the 1953 floods was out of all proportion to the value of the land reclaimed—if this is valued as agricultural land at current European land values. In the newest parts of Holland—the polders which have just been reclaimed in the tideless IJsselmeer, the old Zuider Zee—it has cost £400 an acre to reclaim the land. A Dutchman could go abroad, say to Germany or to England, even to East Anglia, and buy land, surely, for less than that. The Dutch, however, will not count the cost of making new land. Winning land from the sea, and holding it once it has been won, is nothing less than a religion to them.

'But Holland, just like our own below-sea-level land in East Anglia and particularly the Fens, is slowly sinking. This is partly due to the sinking of the peat. As drainage improves, and windmills are replaced by power pumps, the water-table is lowered, the peat dries out and shrinks. There is also the continental tilt, and there is a theory that the sea is rising owing to the melting of the polar ice. At all events, both in Holland and in East Anglia the sea walls have to get higher and higher.

'There is no reason why men should not go on raising the dykes for ever—but the salt cannot be kept out although the sea may be. Large parts of Holland are becoming too salty to please the farmers. The engineers dammed in the Zuider Zee to counter this, and they will dam in the Zeeland estuaries for the same reason. This keeps the sea at arm's length, and also creates huge reservoirs of fresh water which can be used for irrigating the salted lands to leach the salt out'.



Repairing a dyke near Bergen-op-Zoom, Holland, breached by floods in 1953

Must an Educator Have an Aim?

The first of two talks on education by RICHARD PETERS

MANY in recent times have blamed philosophers for neglecting their traditional task in relation to education. For, in the old days, it is argued, philosophers explained what the good life and the good society were; and this provided aims for educationists. But nowadays, as Sir Richard Livingstone put it, we are lacking in a knowledge of the 'science of good and evil'. I think that most modern philosophers would claim that, in this respect, they had advisedly neglected their traditional task, for the very good reason that they have become clearer about what their task as philosophers is. The so-called 'revolution in philosophy' of the twentieth century has been largely a matter of becoming clearer about what philosophy is and is not. And one of the conclusions that has emerged is that it is not a sort of super-science of good and evil.

However, this newly found modesty about providing blue-prints for the good life does not altogether either excuse or explain the neglect by modern philosophers of philosophical problems connected with education. I do not think that this neglect springs from the conviction that there *are* no such philosophical problems. Rather it is because philosophers have been so concerned with their 'revolution' that they have concentrated more on the central problems of philosophy—those connected with knowledge and belief, appearance and reality, free-will and determinism, mind and body, space and time. Peripheral problems connected with concepts like 'education', 'authority', and 'character' have been crowded out, as Hobbes put it, 'no otherwise than the sun deprives the rest of the stars of light, not by hindering their action, but by obscuring and hiding them with his excess of brightness'. It is time that philosophers supplemented their sun-worship by a bit of star-gazing—but this, as I shall try to show, does not mean trying to return to the old task of constructing a horoscope of educational aims.

Rousseau's View

I suppose the conviction that an educator must have aims is generated by the concept of 'education' itself; for it is a concept that has a standard or norm, as it were, built into it. To speak of 'education', even in contexts quite remote from that of the class-room, is to commit oneself, by implication, to a judgement of value. One might say, for instance, that it was a 'real education' for compilers of the Wolfenden Report to wander round Piccadilly at night-time. Some state of mind is here presupposed which is regarded as commendable, and some particular experiences are regarded as leading on to or contributing to it. There is thus a wide sense of 'education' in which almost anything could be regarded as being part of one's education. Rousseau said that 'education' comes to us from nature, from men, and from things'. And of course he was right; for the concept works in as wide a way as this. But there is a narrower and more usual sense of 'education' in which *men* are very much to the fore. For we usually speak of education in contexts where we consciously put ourselves or others in such improving situations.

Given that 'education' implies, first, some commendable state of mind and, secondly, some experience that is thought to lead up to or to contribute to it, and given also that people are usually deliberately put in the way of such experiences, it is only too easy to think of the whole business in terms of models like that of building a bridge or going on a journey. The commendable state of mind is thought of as an end to be aimed at, and the experiences which lead up to it are regarded as means to its attainment. For this model of adopting means to premeditated ends is one that haunts all our thinking about the promotion of what is valuable. In the educational sphere we therefore tend to look round for the equivalent of bridges to be built or ports to be steered to. Hence the complaints of lack of direction when obvious candidates do not appear to fill the bill.

It is my conviction that this model misleads us in the sphere of education. We have got the wrong picture of the way in which values must enter into education; and this is what occasions the disillusioned muttering about the absence of agreed aims. But to bring out how we are misled we must look at the contexts where the means-end model is appropriate. There is, first of all, that of plans and purposes where we do things in order to put ourselves in the way of other things. We get on a bus in order to get to work; we fill up a form in order to get some spectacles. Our life is not just doing one thing after another; we impose plans and schedules on what we do by treating some as instrumental to others. Some of these we regard as more commendable than others, and what we call our scale of values bears witness to such choices. The second means-end context is that of making or producing things. We mix the flour in order to make a cake or weld steel in order to make a bridge. We speak of the end-product in a factory and of the means of production in an economic system.

High-sounding Words

In both these contexts we might well ask a person what he was aiming at, what his objective was. But in both cases the answer would usually be in terms of something pretty concrete. He might say something like 'getting a better job' or 'marrying the girl' in the first context; or something like 'producing a soundless aeroplane' in the second. Similarly if a teacher was asked what he was aiming at, he might state a limited objective like 'getting at least six children through the eleven-plus'. But he might, as it were, lift his eyes a bit from the scene of battle and commit himself to one of the more general aims of education—elusive things like 'the self-realisation of the individual', 'character', 'wisdom', or 'citizenship'. But here the trouble starts; for going to school is not a *means* to these in the way in which getting on a bus is a means to getting to work; and they are not made or produced out of the material of the mind in the way in which a penny is produced out of copper. These very general aims are neither goals nor are they end-products. Like 'happiness' they are high-sounding ways of talking about doing some things rather than others and doing them in a certain manner.

It might be objected that education is an art like medicine and that in medicine there is a commonly accepted end-product—physical health. Why should there not be a similar one for education—mental health, for instance? The answer is fairly obvious. Doctors deal mainly with the body and if they agree about what constitutes physical health it is because it can be defined in terms of physical criteria like temperature level and metabolism rate. Also there is little objection to manipulating and tinkering with the body in order to bring about the required result.

In the case of education, however, there are no agreed criteria for defining mental health; for either it designates something purely negative like the absence of unconscious conflicts, or, in so far as it is a positive concept, it has highly disputable personal and social preferences written into it. Also education is not, like medicine or psychiatry, a remedial business. When we are concerned with the minds of men there are objections to bringing about positive results in certain sorts of ways. People make moral objections to pre-frontal leucotomy even as a remedial measure. How much more objectionable would it be to promote some more positive state of mind, like a love of peace, in all men by giving them drugs or operating on everyone at birth? Indeed, in my view, disputes between educationists, which take the form of disputes about aims, have largely been disputes about the desirability of a variety of principles involved in such procedures. Values are involved in education not so much as goals or end-products, but as principles implicit in different manners of proceeding or producing.

To illustrate rather more clearly the distinction I am drawing

between 'aims' and 'principles of procedure', let me take a parallel from politics. A man who believes in equality, might, like Godwin, be lured by a positive picture of a society in which differences between people would be minimised. He might want to get rid of differences in wealth and rank, even to breed people in the attempt to iron-out innate differences. He might even go so far as to advocate the abolition of institutions like the army or the Church in which some men were given opportunities of lording it over others. Another social reformer, however, might employ the principle of equality in a much more negative sense without any concrete picture to lure him on his journey. He might insist, merely, that whatever social changes were introduced, no one should be treated differently from anyone else unless a good reason could be produced to justify such unequal treatment. The Godwin type of man would rightly be regarded as pursuing equality as a very general aim; the more cautious Liberal would have no particular aim connected with equality. He would merely insist that whatever schemes were put forward must not be introduced in a way which would infringe his procedural principle.

Disputes about Principles of Procedure

I think that this is an illuminating parallel to the point I am trying to make about the aims of education. For, in my view, most disputes about the aims of education are disputes about principles of procedure rather than about 'aims' in the sense of objectives to be arrived at by taking appropriate means. The so-called 'aims' are ways of referring to the different valuations which are built into the different procedures like training, conditioning, the use of authority, teaching by example and rational explanation, all of which fall under the general concept of 'education'.

Consider, for instance, the classic dispute about the aims of education which is so often connected with an argument about the derivation of the word 'education'. There were those like Sir Percy Nunn who stressed the connection with *educere*—to lead out. For them the aim of education must therefore be the development or realisation of individual potentialities. Others, like Sir John Adams, stressed the derivation from *educare*—to train, or mould according to some specification. They might be regarded as people who in fact believed in aims in a proper sense, in moulding boys into Christian gentlemen, for instance. The progressive who protests against this conception of education is not simply jibbing at the end-product of a Christian gentleman. He is also jibbing at the assimilation of education to an art where something is produced out of material. Rousseau, for instance, protested vociferously against treating children as little mannikins, as material to be poured into an adult mould. A child, he argued, should be treated with respect as a person. The progressive, therefore, like Dewey or Kilpatrick, presents another picture of the educational process. The child's interest must be awakened and he must be put into situations where the task rather than the man exerts the discipline. He will thus acquire habits and skills that are useful to him, and, by co-operating with others in common tasks, will develop respect for others and for himself. In the eyes of the progressive the use of authority as a principle of procedure is not only an inefficient way to pass on skills and information; it is also an immoral way to treat a child. It is made even worse in both respects by techniques like the use of reward and punishment.

So at the one end of the family tree generated by the concept of 'education' there are procedures involving the use of authority in which the voice and the cane are used to produce a desirable end-product. Education is here thought of after the model of means to ends in the arts. At the other end the model of purpose and planning is stressed; but it is the purpose and planning of the child, not of the adult. As Rousseau put it: 'By attempting nothing in the beginning you would have produced an educational prodigy'.

But, as any educationist must know, if he reflects on the matter, these are only a limited selection of the procedures that are in fact employed. There is, for instance, the influence exerted by one person on another in some sort of apprenticeship system, when the teacher guides rather than goads. We learn carpentry by doing it with someone who is a bit better at carpentry; we learn to think clearly by talking with someone who thinks a bit more clearly than we do. And this other person need not be a charis-

matic figure so beloved by the advocates of 'impressionism' in the public schools or Boy Scout movement. It may be a person who is not only skilled but who has the additional ability of being able to explain and give an account of what he is up to. Progressives often object to talk and chalk and confuse the use of the voice with one way in which it is used—the authoritative way. But most good teachers use their voices to excite and to explain, not simply to instruct, command, or drill.

My guess is that most of the important things in education are passed on in this manner—by example and explanation. An attitude, a skill, is caught; sensitivity, a critical mind, respect for people and facts develop where an articulate and intelligent exponent is on the job. Yet the model of means to ends is not remotely applicable to the transaction that is taking place. Values, of course, are involved in the transaction; if they were not it would not be called 'education'. Yet they are not end-products or terminating points of the process. They reside both in the skills and cultural traditions that are passed on and in the procedure for passing them on. As Aristotle put the matter long ago:

For the things we have to learn before we can do them, we learn by doing them, *e.g.* men become builders by building, and lyre-players by playing the lyre; so too we become just by doing just acts, temperate by doing temperate acts . . . but it is not the man who does these that is just and temperate, but the man who does them *as* just and temperate men do them.

And how can this happen unless we learn them in the company of experienced practitioners—who understand what they are doing and who can explain it to others?

There are all sorts of things that can be passed on that are valuable. Almost anything, as I started off by saying, can be regarded as being of educational value. And, to a large extent, those who favour one type of procedure rather than another choose examples that suit themselves and advocate the practice of things that can be passed on best in accordance with their favourite model. The man who advocates authority and drill is most at home with things like Latin and arithmetic where rules have simply to be learnt defining what is right or wrong and where, in the early stages at any rate, there is little scope for rational explanation or learning by experience. The progressive is most at home with things like art, drama, and environmental studies where projects can develop without too much artificiality. And the man who believes in rational instruction is usually inclined towards things like science, history, and geometry. An intelligent teacher, I suppose, will always first try to interest his pupils. As Whitehead put it, romance must proceed precision. But, given the interest, he will adapt his procedure to what he is trying to teach.

Grandiose Talk

In society generally there are those who are prone to view life not as a stream of experience to be enjoyed nor as a series of predicaments to be lived through but as a chain of obstacles to be overcome in the pursuit of goals that stretch out like a chain of oases in a desert, or as recalcitrant material to be moulded into some pleasing social or personal pattern. And, of course, many of the things which we do can be regarded as ways of implementing concrete and limited objectives. But this picture of the pursuit of aims is often exalted into grandiose talk about the purpose of life or the purpose of political activity. Self-realisation, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and the classless society act as lures to provide a distant destination for the great journey of life.

Such general aims are not just harmless extravagances due to the overworking of a limited model of means to ends, a sort of metaphysical whistle in the dark. For men will do terrible things to other men in order to implement aims like racial purity which are both idiotic and illusory. The crucial question to ask, when men wax enthusiastic on the subject of their aims, is what procedures are to be adopted in order to implement them. We then get down to moral brass tacks. Do they in fact favour the model of implementing aims taken from the arts and from technology? There are those who favour the maximum of authoritative regulation such as is necessary in an army; there are those who use other people and mould them for their own purposes; there

are those who are determined to live according to rational principles and to extend the maximum of toleration to others who disagree with them; there are those whose preoccupation is the pursuit of private good for whom hell is the other fellow.

These differences of procedure are writ large in the family, in economic affairs, and in political life. In education they are accentuated because the impact of man upon man is more con-

scious and because people are put into positions of authority where there is great scope for adopting their favoured procedures. My point is that arguments about the aims of education reflect these basic differences in principles of procedure. The Puritan and the Catholic both thought they were promoting God's kingdom, but they thought it had to be promoted in a different manner. And the different manner made it quite a different kingdom.

—Third Programme

The Moscow Art Theatre: Old and New

By NICOLAS NABOKOV

FORTUNATELY or unfortunately, I belong to a generation which saw Chekhov's plays at the Moscow Art Theatre in what was largely the original cast; and these performances became for me a kind of Platonic model. Therefore it is difficult not to compare, and not to be disappointed when the model is not as precisely repeated as one's memory would wish it to be.

Yet comparative criticism of drama is a form of injustice; each period has the right to its own interpretation. But this is most difficult in the case of Chekhov; Chekhov's drama, like Ibsen's drama, seems to me time-bound. It concerns itself with the portrait of a society and characters of that society which have vanished and, as often happens in the arts, the closest period of the past is the most difficult to comprehend and bring back to life. This is why, for instance, I felt a little uneasy when I saw, in the present Moscow Art Theatre's production at Sadler's Wells, the remarkable four young actresses in the roles of the Three Sisters, Olga, Masha, and Irina, and their sister-in-law, Natasha. There was to me between their interpretation of the characters and the original model a kind of impenetrable film of non-understanding. It seemed that the performance which they gave was much too lyrical, too calm, not nervous enough. It was too sedate in comparison with the characters as I knew them in my childhood—characters nervous to the point of neurosis, either in a state of exhilaration or despair, and always on the fringe of both tears and laughter. There is today an absence of a certain crispness—a lack of contrast between speed and slowness; and the moments of silence remain unfilled. Masha, for instance, trapped into her boring marriage and then into her hopeless love, is too reflective, too self-possessed, so much so that I suddenly wondered



Scene from the Moscow Art Theatre's first production of 'The Three Sisters', in 1901: left to right, Masha (Olga Knipper), Olga (M. Savitskaya), Irina (N. Litovtseva)



The second act of 'The Cherry Orchard' in the Moscow Art Theatre's present season in London: left to right, Yasha (Yuri Leonidov), Dunyasha (Clementina Rostovtseva), Yepikhodov (Vassily Kornukov), and Charlotta Ivanovna (Angelina Stepanova)

David Sim

whether she realised that she was trapped, which certainly the Masha of Chekhov did.

Much of this is the result of the Russian language as it is spoken now. Ironically enough my handicap in comparison with the British audience is my knowledge of Russian as it was spoken in Chekhov's time; the Russian spoken now, if only on the stage, in the Soviet Union, with its slightly slurred and chanted intonations, with the over-pronounced syllables, seemed to me not to belong at all to the world of Chekhov's characters. It took away, for example, from the part of Natasha all the kind of fluttering superciliousness and even grotesqueness which is such an important ingredient in Chekhovian drama.

Chekhov's Natasha is a vulgar half-breed, a provincial coquette, but she does come from the provincial middle classes, and she would not speak a language which was slow, somewhat whining in intonation, and indeed peasant-like. The same defect in the articulation was even more prominent in such characters as the comical, idealistic student Trofimoff, or the youngest of the three sisters, Irina. Yet it appeared particularly unsuitable to me in those parts of Vershinin's monologues which were done in a philosophising mood: instead of a brooding, sincere, and thoroughly attractive, aging colonel with intellectual aspirations, he appeared to me a crashing bore and somewhat of a *poshlyak* (an untranslatable Russian word whose approximate English equivalent is a 'vulgarian'). Vershinin is one of Chekhov's most attractive characters. Hence his personal tragedy, when

played by Stanislavsky or Kachalov, provoked an immediate response in the audience. But how can one respond sympathetically to a didactic peroration in which each spoken word has received an injection of some sort of stage balsam, and unfortunately this is what pervaded the present performance. The irony was lost and with the loss of irony the dramatic meaning of the situations faded out.

Strained Optimism

Indeed, I sensed the same strained optimism, uncurbed by irony or by true despair or by both, in 'The Cherry Orchard', 'The Three Sisters', and also in 'Uncle Vanya'. Why should Chekhov's characters proclaim prophetic and optimistic truths about a better future which sounds as if they were gleaned from a Komsomol textbook? When, for example, Olga in her very last speech in 'The Three Sisters' says: 'The music is so gay, so joyful, and it seems as though a little more and we shall know what we are living for, why we are suffering'—these are not words of faith nor words of hope, they are sad, helpless attempts to comfort her sisters and herself. They should be spoken through tears to the ironic accompaniment of gay military music. Gentle sadness and despair, a unique blend of Chekhov's genius, becomes senseless when the words are spoken not through tears. Madame Ivanova, in what was otherwise such a superb performance of Olga, should know that at this particular moment the character she impersonates is a poor, sad old maid, who, by virtue of some sort of uncontroversible inertia, has become the headmistress of the local high school, and that she will never go to Moscow, and that she does not believe in the hopeful words which she stammers. Indeed, I feel that none of the optimistic broodings of Chekhov's characters can be turned into some sort of prophetic statement about the future, as could be done for example with certain speeches by Dostoevsky heroes.

It is because of all this that the scenes in these three plays I liked best were those where actors of the older generation were prevalent, and the sedateness of the deportment of the young actors did not disturb me; or even where actors of the new generation were talking Russian like the old generation. I rejoiced, for example, at the intactness, in comparison to the old model, of Mr. Gribov's performance of Firs in 'The Cherry Orchard', and I was equally impressed by the superb interpretation which Mr. Lukyanov gave to the complex character of Lopakhin which is so often interpreted totally wrongly on foreign stages. The character of Lopakhin, even at the high point of the drama when he returns half drunk after having bought the ill-fated cherry orchard, remains torn between his devotion to the family of Ranevskaya and his pride at having succeeded in becoming the owner of their property. In this particular case I believe that Mr. Lukyanov did it better than his predecessors.

I also liked Mr. Yanshin's broad performance of Pishchik—one of those characters in Chekhov's plays whose ancestry can be traced back to Gogol, and who therefore has acquired a kind of Molièresque steadiness like 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' or 'Tartuffe'. On the other hand, neither Gaieff in 'The Cherry Orchard' nor Vershinin in 'The Three Sisters', as played by Mr. Massalsky, was convincing or comparable in quality to the original performances of these characters by Stanislavsky and Kachalov; it seemed to me that here a big screen was introduced between the actor and Chekhov's characters which made them untrue to life.

Care for Detail

Here permit me a digression: the Moscow Art Theatre prides itself on extreme care for detail. Why, then, was it that Vershinin's hair was not greying when Vershinin explicitly says that he is an ageing man with greying hair? Why should Gribov, by dropping his cane at the very end of 'The Cherry Orchard', give one the impression that Firs dies? And the remarkably inept notes in the programme confirm this implicitly by stating that Firs lies dying, contrary to the text of Chekhov. And why should the sound effects, so good in 'Uncle Vanya', be so unconvincing in 'The Three Sisters' when representing the flight of birds or when tolling the bells during the fire in the second act?

Having made these criticisms, I would like to speak about the positive elements of the present-day production. Here 'The

Cherry Orchard' seems to me to be of extreme interest. First, because everything we saw in it in London—the sets, the lighting, the direction—was new. I well remember the old sets of 'The Cherry Orchard', and although the present sets are close to the old models, they are fresher, prettier, and give one a greater sense of space behind the stage boards than the old ones. One of the sets in particular, in the second act, with its haystack in front and a Whistlerian sunset in the background, is delightful. I wonder whether the designer had in mind Renoir's 'Picnic' or Manet's 'Déjeuner Sur L'Herbe'? However that may be, he succeeded in creating a Renoiresque atmosphere of the turn of the century which, curiously enough, often pervaded the Russian countryside. Russia had few good landscape painters, and I remember, when first seeing the French Impressionists, how much I envied the French for having such good painters of our own Russian countryside.

That particular act of 'The Cherry Orchard' appeared to be the high point of all the Chekhov productions from the point of view of setting, lighting, and direction. The coming and going of the characters, the lazy poses of Dunyasha the maid and the young footman Yasha, sitting on the haystack while Yepikhodov was strumming his guitar and talking his wonderful funny nonsense; the calls from somewhere far off, the passing of the drunken tramp—all this minutely organised activity made one feel as if one was plunged right into the midst of a long summer evening, serene with a truly Chekhovian melancholy. And it is mainly because of the loveliness of this scene that I did not mind so much the completely wrong interpretation given to the dialogue between Trofimoff the student and the lovelorn Anya; nor did I mind Madame Tarasova's somewhat cold and business-like interpretation of the character of Ranevskaya.

A Poorly Constructed Play

'Uncle Vanya', I am afraid, is a poor play. I always felt so, but it never was as clear to me as in the present performance. Parts of it are fair enough, but only a few scenes, as for example that between Uncle Vanya and the drunken Dr. Astrov in Act II, or the speeches of Wafflyia, or the monologues of the Professor, have the same good wine of 'The Three Sisters' and 'The Cherry Orchard' flowing in them. 'Uncle Vanya' is above all a poorly constructed play—too many slow and stolid soliloquies, followed by scenes of melodramatic, grotesque buffoonery which cannot by any stretch of imagination be taken seriously: too many musings about the future or explanations of how bad the land situation is in Russia of the 'eighties. Similar passages in the other plays had the value of bringing to life the characters. They were, so to speak, *en caractère*. In 'Uncle Vanya' they sound hollow and time-consuming. The touches of irony that follow them are much too short and completely inadequate to act as a balance to the didactic *ennui* of those long speeches.

What saved the play in the original production was the tense, nervous, erotic mood which Madame Knipper-Chekova gave to the performance and which was indeed the true intention of the author. In the present-day performance by the ravishing and no doubt very gifted yet cold and distant Margarita Anastasyeva, the erotic element was totally absent, as, in fact, it was absent in 'The Three Sisters' in the love-duet between Masha and Vershinin and in Madame Tarasova's performance of Ranevskaya in 'The Cherry Orchard'. Is that a new approach to Chekhov by the Moscow Art Theatre today? If so, one can only deplore it. Surely, Chekhov's heroes and heroines are not self-possessed and somewhat puritan ladies, to whom any form of Eros is tabu. They are penetrated by it, and indeed a great part of their sufferings come from the clash between the forms of the society in which they live and the longings of their passionate nature.

What always amazed me, and what struck me again here in London, is the public's reaction to 'Uncle Vanya'. It received, as it did often in time past, a far greater response than the two other plays: is it because it is simpler in its structure and hence easier to follow; is it because complex and profound dramatic situations such as Chekhov deals with in 'The Three Sisters' and in 'The Cherry Orchard' demand a greater mental activity from the audience; or is it simply because, from Seneca's time onwards, what the public likes above all is crude and broad melodrama?—*Third Programme*

The Church and England

The Rev. JOSEPH McCULLOCH gives the first of five talks

TWENTY years ago, Humphrey Johnson, a Roman Catholic, ended a study of Anglicanism with these words:

The Church of England seems to be entering upon an age of relative tranquillity, and one perhaps less likely to tempt the historian than any since her foundation.

This was a reasonable prophecy at that time. Outside pressures upon the Established Church did not then seem particularly menacing, and there were no open issues likely to cause the great schism between Anglo-Catholics and the rest which had been the nightmare of successive Archbishops. On the face of it, the Church was entering the doldrums and would lie becalmed in a quiet and sheltered bay, while the rest of English life, political, social, and industrial, drove on before the winds of change.

National Church—of a Minority

What the immediate future held then in store for us included a second world war and a social revolution, all within the space of a single decade. The situation of the Church of England before these things took place was already that of being established and yet not established. I mean that it was *de jure* the national Church of England, but *de facto* the Church of a minority of the nation. The parochial system remained in being, more than half the bench of bishops went on sitting in the House of Lords, but the Church in fact was fast becoming an aggregate of congregational gatherings, a mere organisation of clergy and church-goers within the nation. How far may a Church be said to be a national Church when the majority of the nation has no use for it, apart from a demand for public and private ceremonial observances at rare intervals? That was the question begged by the situation when Father Humphrey Johnson made his somewhat depressing forecast in 1938.

But this was no new situation. It had persisted for a considerable time before the outbreak of the second world war. It had been remarked at the beginning of the century by C. F. Masterman, a penetrating observer of English life, that people in England were becoming more tolerant, more kindly, more civilised, and less religious. The work of civilisation was steadily advancing, but the vision of the universe beyond or behind the material was steadily fading. Growth of social morality was apparently coincidental with a decline in religion. As social conditions improved, more and more people dispensed with the Church.

The first world war accelerated that process. The attempt of the Church after that war to retrench its position failed; appeals to the nation to repent and return fell on deaf ears. England had not become atheist or anti-Christian: it had merely become indifferent to the Church. When, in the 'thirties, the Archbishop of Canterbury launched his Recall to Religion, his frail argonaut was quietly engulfed in the surging tide of indifference. During the second world war the Church renewed its appeal, and greeted the cessation of hostilities with a Report entitled *Towards the Conversion of England*. But England was almost wholly engrossed with the improvement of social conditions, and the phenomenon persisted which Mr. Gladstone had deplored a century before—general social morality increased but religious practice correspondingly decreased. Ethics improved, but the sense of sin declined. The life of man was no longer solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short: it was social, well-to-do, pleasant, civilised, and often tediously prolonged. The welfare state had come, and the Established Church remained, more or less on sufferance.

On the surface, this seems to be the continuing situation, as the second half of the twentieth century gathers momentum, and the Archbishop of Canterbury prepares to receive at Lambeth over 300 bishops of the Anglican Communion. But it would indeed be a rash prophet who would forecast for the Church of

England today an age of relative tranquillity and of mere dull survival. Much is happening both outside the Church and within it. One thing alone is certain, that Anglicanism in its home country is in transition. What will emerge before the century is out is anybody's guess. The outcome might well be a re-established national Church, more truly comprehensive than any since the first Elizabethan Settlement. Or it may be that the idea of a national Church will have been decisively rejected, and the Church of England become no more than an Anglican sect. Admittedly, every age is a challenge to the Church. There are, however, certain specific factors in the situation today which make that challenge peculiarly critical. For various reasons, but chiefly because the Established Church has strategically the best chance of measuring up to the challenge in England, the years immediately ahead are likely to prove a flood-tide for Anglicanism.

In the country at large, while for more than a century morality has been increasingly maintained without reference to the Church, the Church in reaction to this environment has tended often to reduce her message to a mere moralism. Liberal humanism has thus been able in a scientific industrial society to appear a more adult attitude to life than faith in the Christian myth. In such an environment, the Church has inevitably inclined to assert more rigidly the boundaries between secular and sacred, by identifying them with ecclesiastical frontiers. Hence the continuing struggle of parties representing the two main forms of ecclesiasticism, a struggle which had dissipated the energies of many within the Anglican fold since the Oxford Movement. What gave the impression twenty years ago that the Church was entering the doldrums was that she had been too long involved in a rearguard action. Her leaders had been mainly occupied with keeping churchmen together on the defensive. The success of their efforts had cost a great deal. It left the Church seemingly little more than 'a booth in a vineyard', a pocket of sacredness in a secular world.

Science and the Generation

But a change in the external situation was already on the way before the second world war was over. Writing of this in 1944, John Macmurray ventured a prophecy in these words:

A new generation, grown used to the new age which scientific knowledge has produced, will be more impressed by what science cannot do than by what it can; and it is highly probably that then they will turn from science to religion as they have now been turning from religion to science.

This, in fact, seems to be happening. The evidence is fairly widespread throughout the country today that people are less taken up with the attempt to master the material world, less convinced that all the answers are to be found in the field of objective experience. The notion that science can completely liberate human personality has worn thin. The new generation has begun to arrive, and for the Church the thaw has set in. Many especially among the young are turning to discover and explore the subjective world. It may be even true to say now that modern man is in search of his soul. Perhaps, after all, many of the answers to the questions arising from the fundamental fact of existence itself are to be found in the religious understanding! The motives which impel this turning to religion are various. They may be in this country, as a recent broadcast described them in the United States, 'moral bewilderment in a complex civilisation, individual spiritual poverty in the machine age, and fear in the Time of the Bomb'. But there is also a natural swing of the psychological pendulum. Man must return at times to himself, and secure his inner lines of communication. He seeks to understand what he knows.

Already the Church is gaining recruits from the new generation—for the most part, those whose need is clearly for an authori-

tarian dogmatic system of religion. But it is doubtful if these are truly representative of the many others who are opening their minds to admit of religious ideas and values. It would seem that if in the near future there is in England a considerable return to religion, it will not be, as in the United States, a social compulsion to maintain the existing religious institutions, but rather a more deeply felt realisation of Christian faith related to the needs of the modern world. It will come only out of an effort to reintegrate secular and sacred in the common life.

There is today an increasingly felt need of a Church in the nation. But this is often felt by people who cannot accept any existing Church as the Church of their need. That to me is one of the most significant facts of my experience in parishes over the last twenty-seven years. There is a development of Christian life and thought in the nation which cannot be confined or included within present ecclesiastical boundaries. The challenge to the Church in her present situation lies chiefly in this fact. How far can the Church of England adapt her whole ministry, thought, and life to measure up to this challenge? One other fact seems to me certain—that no other Christian institution in this country is in so advantageous a position to meet it.

'A Dynamic of Divine Things'

The meeting point must be in the common acknowledgement that the Christian is always greater than the religion of the Church—that Christianity is, as Charles Williams said, 'a dynamic of divine things, not a fixity of social life'. Those in the nation who cannot conscientiously accept the Church as she is, judge her empirically by the extent to which she appears to identify Christianity with the forms of religion. This for them implies a self-contradiction in the Church, seeing that she professedly exists to liberate, not to confine the Spirit of Christ in the world. Among them are extremists who reject the Church of England as in fact the main obstacle to the achievement of a genuine Christian Church of the nation. But there are others, probably the majority of these Christians without the Church, who are prepared to accept the essential part institutional development must have in the making of Christianity, and who look to the present Church to become the Church they need. It should be emphasised that their need is primarily for a subjective experience of Christian truth. That is the necessary outcome of their situation in the modern world. They are more concerned, therefore, with the mystical than with the institutional element in Christianity, and are to be persuaded to accept the external disciplines of the Church only as a necessary price for the freedoms of the Spirit. They seek a Church of the Spirit, and, because their approach to religion is necessarily scientific, techniques, machinery, and organisation are to be accepted only if demonstrably effective means to the realisation of what they seek.

This, then, is the changing environment of the Church in England today. The Church's main difficulty in measuring up to it lies in the ironic fact that the same forces which have produced outside the Church an articulate need for mystical Christian experience have tended to produce within the Church a greater preoccupation with institutional concerns. The post-war Establishment, still dominated, as it seems, by the inertia of the past century, inclines to be preponderantly legalistic in its orthodoxy. Ideologically middle-class for the most part, the contemporary Church stubbornly resists change both in thought and life. There is still in being a liberal modernist movement, predominantly rational or intellectual in emphasis, but the impetus which brought it into the Church has considerably weakened, and the influence of Liberal Protestantism is necessarily smaller than that of the Catholic revival in the Church of England, because less organised and partisan. The most hopeful element in the Church today is the growth of the liturgical movement which is doing much to restore in the life of the parishes the sense of a corporate Christian ministry in the world.

But at this time a realist estimate of the general character of the mother Church of the Anglican Communion must be that of a reactionary institution, largely preoccupied with problems of its own maintenance and survival, and hyper-sensitive to the risks of accommodation to the changing world. The main factors which determine this character are the vested interest of the clergy in maintaining their freehold; the ineffectual participation of the

laity in the government and order of the Church; and, above all, the concentration of effectual power and authority in the hands of an ecclesiastical oligarchy. While, therefore, nothing can be more palpably clear than that the character of the present Church must be greatly changed if it is to meet the challenge of the situation and prove its title to be the national Church, nevertheless the obstacles to reform are formidable.

Top-heavy Authoritarian Hierarchy

It is significant that of late the term Establishment has come into frequent use to describe the otherwise unlabelled *corps d'élite* who in various departments of the national life maintain, if not the *status quo*, at least the minimum pace of change. Those who qualify for inclusion in this power group are for the most part recognisably of a kind, described variously as safe or sound men, unlikely to commit themselves to support of radical measures, and able to carry on responsibly the administration of existing institutions. It is also significant that the temper of the times is fast turning the term Establishment into an epithet of opprobrium. It may well be argued that in past ages this *corps d'élite*, always a curiously self-perpetuating body which maintains itself by a system of co-option, has proved the saving of the state. But it must also be admitted that times differ, and it is always necessary to read the signs of the times aright. This does not seem an age in which those institutions which most successfully resist change through concentration of power in an oligarchy are likely to achieve more than mere survival on sufferance. Blake's terse axiom, 'Damn braces. Bless relaxes', has wisdom for today, and in no field of life more than that of religion. The continuance of over-centralised organisation and of the top-heavy authoritarian hierarchy spells danger for the Church. It is out of key with the spiritual need of the nation, in which the spread of general education and the consequent growth of individual self-consciousness make for freer patterns of thought and life. It is regrettable, therefore, that our post-war Church should have tended to become even more of an 'establishment' in the modern opprobrious sense.

The paradox is that she has become so by a virtual suspension of the principle of her original establishment. The Tudor Reformers intended a Church of the people under the Crown. They were rejecting the hierarchical institution of the Middle Ages and referring back as far as practicable to primitive Christianity. In the Elizabethan Settlement the state in the person of the Crown was to appoint the leaders of the Church. The theory was that thus the laity would be represented in the choice of their principal clergy. Allowing for the difference between Tudor times and our own in regard to the meaning of the state, nevertheless the principle is constant—that the people, the whole body of the national Church, should appoint its leaders: in other words that those leaders should not be an oligarchical enclave perpetuating itself by co-option.

Unaccommodating Ecclesiasticism?

The observance of this principle ensured that for over 400 years the Church of England was characterised by her comprehensiveness, and her ability to include at all grades of office members of all shades of religious as well as political opinion. While this was so, the claim to be a national Church had some palpable foundation. Recently, however—that is, during the last generation—the appointments to the highest offices in the Church have been increasingly under the influence of the archbishops, and the principle of the representation of the laity in the choice of their leaders falls more and more into abeyance. At a time when throughout the nation men and women are becoming conscious of their need of a Church to embody and express their growing realisation of existential Christian truth, the Church of England gives the impression of an unaccommodating ecclesiasticism, clerically dominated and oligarchically governed. The question inevitably arises: how far can such a Church claim to be more than a specific rather than a comprehensive expression of English Christianity? It is clearly not enough to point to her strategic position as the undoubted continuation of the institution which has embodied English Christianity for 1,000 years of history. Her title deeds as a national Church in the twentieth

century must rest upon the clear evidence of her national character, as representing all classes and comprehending the widest and freest possible Christian expression of the nation.

How radical are the reforms required to restore or re-create that character? It is beyond the terms of my brief here to attempt more than a tentative answer to that question. A movement is afoot today within the Church of England to bring about greater lay participation in her life and thought. There, as I see it, is the key to the Church's future in this country. If, for instance, the Church Assembly could achieve the genuinely national status and dignity of the General Assembly of the Scottish Kirk, Anglicanism would be well on the way to re-establishment in this country. But that necessitates a much fuller interpretation of the Christian ministry in the modern world than at present obtains. As things are, the ministry of the Church of England is virtually confined to the ordained, that is, to the professional clergy. This reduced conception of ministry makes inevitably for ecclesiasticism, and a consequent inability

to measure up to the challenge of our times. Perhaps the idea which has often been mooted in the past could now come into its own—that the national Church requires two forms of membership; those of full members and of associates.

Certainly the need for a far more flexible and inclusive Christian institution is obvious. The state in Tudor times was a despotism. We live in an industrial democracy, or, at any rate, that is what we aim to become. The first Elizabethan Settlement made a national Church consonant with the contemporary state. We have a like task today. The immediate problems of the Church in the second half of the twentieth century are largely questions of management. The development of the managerial art is already proving itself the answer to the problems of leadership in the industrial democratic state. It is more than doubtful that the Church can speak any truly prophetic word in modern England and become thereby the Church in England until she understands the true significance of that development, and matches it in her own organisation and life.

—Third Programme

The Amazing AC2

Group Captain CHARLES FINDLAY on T. E. Lawrence

I FIRST met him when he was lighting the fire in my office. To me he was just No. 352087, AC2 John Hume Ross—one of a number of recruits who had reported for training in photography at South Farnborough, Hampshire, where I was Adjutant. He had been appointed temporarily to my office as orderly, the duties being to clean the office in the morning and act as messenger during the day. He seemed an average-type recruit, and performed his simple duties quietly and efficiently. Nothing about him suggested that here was the most amazing aircraftman ever to join the R.A.F.

The first hint of anything unusual came a few weeks later—it was November, 1922. The C.O. called me to his office.

'Air Vice-Marshal Swann has just telephoned from the Air Ministry', he said. 'He wants to know why AC2 Ross is not engaged in photographic training'.

I was a little taken aback. 'You know the position, sir', I replied. 'We only have a limited staff. We can't begin a class until we have a minimum of ten pupils'.

'Yes, I've explained all that', said the C.O. 'I've told him that pupils arrive from the depot in penny numbers and that we have to keep them occupied until we have enough to form a class. But Swann was not at all sympathetic. He insists that Ross' training must begin at once'.

It was most unusual for a high-ranking officer to telephone from the Air Ministry about a recruit's training, and we were both frankly perplexed.

'Who is this Ross? What's he like?' The C.O. had never met our new recruit, and so, in order to give him an opportunity of seeing Ross, I sent for the aircraftman on the pretext of giving him something to do.

He came into the room, a slight, short figure, about five feet four in height. He was thirty-four, but in his uniform he looked strangely younger. His blue eyes were set in a long, finely chiselled face. His jaw was square. But the most outstanding features were his long, sensitive fingers. After Ross had left the office the C.O. turned to me with a look of amazement.

'Findlay! D'you know who I think he is? Lawrence!'
'Lawrence?'

'Yes, Lawrence of Arabia! I saw him once in Cairo early in the war, and this airman looks uncommonly like him'.

Was this the same man who was now lighting fires in my office? 'What are we going to do, sir?'

'I don't know. You see, I can't be certain, and I don't want to make a silly mistake. Say nothing about my suspicions for the moment'.

'Very good, sir. But what about starting his instruction?'

'It must be arranged at once', the C.O. said to me. 'Get the Chief Instructor to come and see me right away'.

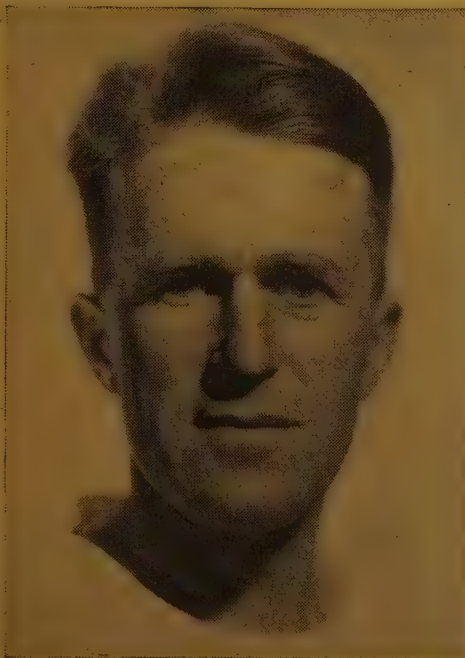
So it was that a few days later a class was formed with the pupils available, and Ross began his photographic training. I was on the look-out for anything unusual in the new recruit, and I was soon to find it. In order to ascertain individual standards, certain educational tests were prescribed at the beginning of each course. On this occasion, when the instructor scrutinised the mathematics papers, he noted with surprise that Ross' paper gave the answers without showing any working. On being questioned, the pupil said he had worked out the answers in his head.

'All right', said the doubting instructor, giving him a more complicated problem to solve, 'find the answer to this one in your head'. Ross looked at it for a moment and then wrote down the correct answer. There was nothing more to say, but the instructor now knew that he had found a bright pupil.

(Bright! Yes, Lawrence had always been a brilliant scholar. At the age of four he

was reading the newspapers; at six he was studying Latin. After distinguishing himself in classics at university, he joined the British Museum's expedition excavating the Hittite City of Carchemish on the Euphrates.)

But still we could not be sure. Certainly it was rapidly becoming obvious to his companions that he was no ordinary recruit. Mentally, he stood out from his fellows, which only added to the mystery surrounding him. It is now known that he wrote to George Bernard Shaw during this period: 'I behave demurely and give no trouble'. But this is not quite true. On one occasion I had to reprimand him for the part he played in a silly and pointless incident. The Orderly Officer, a young lad, was carrying



T. E. Lawrence: a photograph taken during his service in the R.A.F.

out the usual inspection of dress and arms before mounting the guard, in the course of which he told an airman that he was not satisfied with his turn-out. The airman (it was Ross) replied to the officer in a foreign language, which elicited the inevitable titter from the other members of the guard. This was certainly not in keeping with his expressed desire to remain unnoticed.

Suspicious Confirmed

At last, however, came the moment when our suspicions were finally confirmed. A staff officer from the Air Ministry arrived at the school on a routine visit, and, in the course of conversation, the C.O. asked him if he would recognise Lawrence of Arabia if confronted with him.

'Certainly I would', said the officer. 'I knew him quite well in Cairo'. He was taken to the classroom where several pupils were working, and immediately picked out Ross as being Lawrence. Beyond revealing this information to the C.O. and myself, the staff officer gave no sign of recognition, and we resolved to try to keep Lawrence's identity a secret.

It was a heavy responsibility to have a world-famous character on our hands as an AC2, and many times as I saw his slight, blue-uniformed figure engaged in some menial task I tried with difficulty to reconcile it with the romantic soldier who had inspired the grim, desert peoples to fight so audaciously.

('No man could be their leader', wrote Lawrence, 'except he ate the ranks' food, wore their clothes, lived level with them, and yet appeared better in himself'. This was what Lawrence had done after he had been appointed liaison officer to Faisal. Learning the Arab ways, wearing the Arab clothes, he had gained the confidence of Faisal and his men and induced them to move north and attack the Turkish communications around Medina. Then, in 1918, while General Allenby's troops moved up on the flank, Lawrence had led his forces into Damascus and held the city until the British could formally occupy it.)

We could not, I suppose, have expected to keep our secret for long, and it soon leaked out. One day, two newspaper reporters turned up and asked for an interview with Ross. It was refused, and the men were not allowed inside the station gates. But they spoke to several airmen outside and elicited the information that Colonel Lawrence was certainly not in the officers' mess.

As rumours of Lawrence's presence at Farnborough grew, so the press contingent outside our gates was increased day by day. Photographers waited to get a picture of the elusive Colonel. From my office window I could see the airmen passing out of the main gate and, on coming up against the line of press photographers, taking off their caps and hiding their faces. These tactics fooled the press for a while, and it was a grand game while it lasted.

Flood of Publicity

Then, shortly after Christmas, the news broke on the front page of a national morning newspaper, and a flood of publicity was unloosed. Everyone now knew that AC2 Ross was, in fact, Lawrence of Arabia, and the resulting atmosphere of gossip and conjecture was thoroughly bad for discipline. The C.O. wrote to headquarters with a request for Ross to be removed from the station. His presence was unsettling.

After the disclosure of his identity he appeared to be less reticent. Although he said later that the officers fought shy of him, I spoke to him many times, and always found him willing to talk.

'Why did you enlist in the ranks of the R.A.F.?' I asked him.

'I couldn't batten on my friends any longer', he replied frankly. 'I decided that the R.A.F., being a young, technical service, offered the best opportunity of leading a quiet and interesting life'.

'But surely you would have been more use to the Service as an officer?'

'That would have spoiled it for me', he replied. 'I wanted to see the Service from the ranks' point of view, and I could only do this by living with them and sharing the life in the barrack room'.

But the discipline did not come easily to him. He complained frankly that he had found the drill and PT at Uxbridge arduous

and he did not like doing fatigues and 'errand boy' jobs. He was keenly interested in photography, and felt, a little unreasonably, that he was being misemployed when engaged on any other task.

On another occasion I asked Ross why he had recorded 'Nil' on his Service documents in respect of the item 'previous service'. He assured me it was correct; that he had roamed as a kind of free-lance during the war, with authority from the Colonial Office to assume any rank which suited the exigencies of the moment. And he made the point that John Hume Ross had no previous service.

The conversations I shared with him produced the impression that he was searching for something new in life—but had not yet found it. Participating in the life of the Royal Air Force was only a partial solution to his problem at that time, and he appeared to be still trying to shake off something. For what it is worth, a note I made at the time reads: 'I am convinced that some quality departed from Lawrence before he became the R.A.F. recruit. Lawrence of Arabia had died'. The man with whom I conversed seemed but the shadow of the Lawrence who was picked up by the whirlwind of events to become the driving force of Arab intervention in the war.

('El-Orens', the Turks had called him then—'the train-wrecker'. After organising and leading the bloody battle of Wadi el-Hesa, during which the enemy suffered their worst defeat in the open, Lawrence turned his attention to lightning raids on Turkish locomotives—with such devastating effect that the Turks offered a £20,000 prize for his head. At the end of 1917, while making a lone patrol, he was actually captured by Turkish troops—but they did not recognise him! He was beaten senseless, flung into a compound and left for dead. By dawn the next day he had escaped and was back with his own men.)

Nervous Exhaustion?

It was difficult to believe that Ross was the same man. The only satisfactory explanation must be that he was suffering from nervous exhaustion, that the hypersensitive man had partially succumbed to the rough and tumble of the war and its immediate consequences, that the product, for the time being at least, was a personality less intense and hoping to shun the responsibility of making decisions.

Yet he could not escape the fact of being Lawrence; the end of the war was too recent for this to be unimportant. It was a form of vanity, I think, that made him draw mentally apart from his fellows, wrap himself in an aura of mystery, and rejoice in the excitement his presence created in the barrack room. His assumption of mental leadership among the rank and file mattered little while his identity was unrevealed. The position altered when the airman Ross was known to be Lawrence of Arabia, and there is little doubt that his presence in the camp had an unsettling effect upon all ranks. As Adjutant of the school, I was very conscious of this.

After several representations to the Air Ministry, Trenchard, the Chief of the Air Staff, paid a surprise visit to the school and talked privately to Ross. Shortly afterwards, instructions arrived for his discharge from the Royal Air Force. I had the task of telling him officially that the axe had fallen upon his career. He told me he was sorry to be sacked and would dearly have liked to continue his career in the ranks. I am sure he was genuinely miserable at leaving, and he told me he would make another attempt to get into the R.A.F.

Two and a half years later he did so. Enlisting as Aircraftman T. E. Shaw (the name he had adopted by deed poll), he served faithfully and usefully for twelve more years, until his death in a motor-cycle accident in 1935. During this time he was more amenable, and his feelings are reflected in those pages of his book, *The Mint*, devoted to the period of service at the Cranwell College Flight. He seems to have been reasonably happy there. The last few words of *The Mint* contain a pathetic note: 'Everywhere a relationship; no loneliness any more'.—*Home Service*

Two new editions of Muirhead's 'Blue Guides' have now been published by Ernest Benn: *Northern Spain and North-Western France* (45s. and 42s. respectively). The former is the first post-war edition of this particular Guide, and its text has been prepared by John Harvey.

The African Revolution from the Inside

By WILLIAM PLOMER

IN a public speech made recently at Washington, a Roman Catholic bishop, described in the press as 'a dominating television personality', was reported to have prophesied that Africa would be 'the future continent'. In 150 years from now, he said, Africa would be 'industrially as the United States is today'. It must be an inspired or at least a confident man who can look so far ahead, and can foresee anything at all in another century and a half, particularly the shape of industrialisation. 'God', the bishop went on to say, 'has played on the white keys long enough; and, in the future, God will play on the black keys to produce a new melody and a new culture'. This seems to be a variant on a remark of Booker Washington's, to the effect that both black and white keys must be played on to produce a proper harmony.

The bishop, addressing himself no doubt to a large, unseen audience, was speaking evidently in the kind of terms he thought it would understand. He perhaps intended, by drawing its attention to what is going on in Africa, to jolt it out of racial and political complacency. But it is questionable whether it is any more helpful to indulge in vague prophecies about a new African civilisation than to harp upon Africa's continuing need of white leadership or guidance. What is perfectly clear is that Africa today, from Cape to Cairo, is markedly different from the Africa of twenty years ago, and that this can largely be ascribed to what Lord Hailey calls 'the rising spirit of Africanism'. Every day the newspapers report events in some parts of Africa which have to do with this rising Africanism, and it is on these newspaper reports that most people base their opinions, and form their theories, and make their prophecies. But how remote and abstract opinions and theories and newspaper reports seem from the everyday realities of African life!

The Master-Servant Relationship

How Africans really live, what they think, and what they say to one another—these are things not easily imagined in Europe or America. And in Africa itself the white man seldom learns much about the African: the relationship is usually that of master and servant, and however well such a relationship is balanced, the racial difference is there, the master is inevitably to some extent aloof and patronising, the servant deferential and reserved. If efforts are made, at least in South Africa, at direct social contact, great difficulties arise—mutual suspicions about motives, awkward self-consciousness, and the breaking of an all too easily broken entanglement of laws and regulations.

Where is one to look for some understanding of the real nature, the insideness, of African life? Imaginative literature can help a little. Camara Laye, a Negro from French Guinea, has written a wonderful account of his early tribal life, translated into English as *The Dark Child*. Two good novels, *Blanket Boy's Moon* and *Turn to the Dark*, have resulted from rare collaborations between an African, A. S. Mopeli-Paulus, and two white authors. And Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*, though African intellectuals complain that it is sentimental, certainly says something that could not have been said by anybody without some direct knowledge of Africans and some emotional response to the problems that affect them in the industrial revolution. Already, in the fiction of Nadine Gordimer, examples may be met of a completely new kind of urban African, rootless and without tribal allegiances.

There are other ways of discovering something of the actualities of African life. There is the scientific way, and one of its most interesting fruits is a book called *Africa in Transition**. I think this an unappetising title, nor is there much magnetism in the sub-title: 'Some B.B.C. talks on changing conditions in the Union and the Rhodesias'. In fact these talks amount to something quite out of the ordinary. They were selected and produced by Prudence Smith, who went to Africa to obtain them. What

she wanted, and got, was what she calls 'a series of insights' derived from the research and long experience of persons living and working on the spot—doctors, sociologists, economists, legists. Most of the talks are by non-Africans, but they include personal reflections by an African, a Coloured man (using the word 'Coloured' in the South African sense), and an Indian. The talks are mainly concerned with the direct or indirect results of the presence of white men and their institutions upon the African inhabitants of the Union and the Rhodesias. These results have from the first been disturbing in every sphere of African life, and the industrial revolution of recent years has made them more complex and even more disturbing, with great strains upon society and the individual.

Reversion to the Old Ideals

While reading this book I found myself reminded of a very different race of people, who were able to live, right into modern times, secluded from the West and firmly united and controlled by their own traditions—I mean the Japanese. They felt that they must adapt themselves to Western ways if they were to survive. In an astonishingly short time they mastered Western techniques. But as they became more industrially advanced they became politically more reactionary, and reverted to traditional nationalism and militarism. It was as if they said to themselves, 'The old ideals were best. They gave us the strength to succeed and grow powerful in peace and war. So let us revert to the old ideals'. It was obvious, to anyone who knew the Japanese before the second world war, that the strain in everyday life of adaptation to the new industrial civilisation produced a strong emotional hankering for all that that civilisation was beginning to undermine and obliterate. In Africa today there is a parallel case. The African, torn from his tribal setting and habits, looks back upon them with longing; and, as he grows conscious of the political and economic strength which Western ways can give, must wish to use that strength for the advancement of Africanism. Determined African politicians, taking advantage of backwardness in education, low standards of living, and want of political experience, might be tempted to militant nationalism, reviving the old sanctions of tribal law and of witchcraft, both of which can make public opinion a rigid and terrible instrument.

In the meantime there are more immediate complexities to face, and it is these that the talks do much to illuminate. As the work, mostly, of men and women with a scientific or scholarly training, they are not sensational in manner, but again and again some remark is let fall, simple statistics perhaps, or some plain statement of fact, which can only have a startling effect upon a receptive reader. We soon come upon the word 'urbanisation', and a comparison is drawn between conditions in South Africa today and those in certain towns of Europe during our own industrial revolution. Bad housing and overcrowding in Africa are found to be fostering tuberculosis and pneumonia, much as they fostered cholera and enteritis in Europe in the nineteenth century. New social institutions, the mine and the factory, create, or fail to create, new social relationships. At the same time they change the functions of the family, and the relations between husbands and wives, and between parents and children.

Background of Migrant Labour

These, and nearly all aspects of contemporary Africa, must be considered, in the view of Professor Hobart-Houghton, against the background of migrant labour. The towns, the industrial centres, act like magnets which draw Africans from their primitive societies and surroundings. But this does not mean that there are two distinct classes of Africans—one Westernised,

(continued on page 943)

NEWS DIARY

May 28-June 3

Wednesday, May 28

M. Le Troquer, President of the French National Assembly, and M. Monnerville, President of the Council of the Republic, call on General de Gaulle in Paris at request of the President

Soviet Government blocks for five years credit granted to Yugoslavia in 1956

President Eisenhower reaffirms decision not to ask Congress for reduction of taxes

Thursday, May 29

General de Gaulle accepts President Coty's invitation to form a 'Government' of national safety

President Coty in message to French National Assembly says that if it does not accept a return to power of General de Gaulle, he will resign

Miners' claim for increase in pay is rejected by arbitration body

Friday, May 30

Delegation from T.U.C. sees Prime Minister about possibility of reopening negotiations on London bus strike

French Socialist leaders have meeting with General de Gaulle

More than half the dockers in the port of London are on unofficial strike

Saturday, May 31

President Coty of France formally nominates General de Gaulle as Prime Minister

Talks resumed between both sides in the London bus strike

Prime Minister of Ceylon orders arrest of thirty-nine people in communal disturbances in Colombo

Sunday, June 1

General de Gaulle outlines his policy before French National Assembly and is approved as Prime Minister by a majority of 105 votes

Talks on London bus strike break down

Monday, June 2

French National Assembly grants General de Gaulle special powers to govern by decree for sixth months and continuation of emergency powers in Algeria

U.N. Security Council debates Franco-Tunisian dispute

Torrential rain in southern England makes many roads impassable

Tuesday, June 3

French National Assembly approves new Government's Bill for Constitutional Reform. Regular sessions suspended until October

General Salan arrives in Paris from Algeria

Sterling Area's reserves reach highest level since September, 1951



The scene in the French National Assembly when Charles de Gaulle was elected by a majority of 105 votes to a banner bearing the name of Paris before the Assembly members of left-wing parties. General de Gaulle in the foreground. Coty had just resigned.



Miss Sarah Churchill unveiling a plaque on behalf of her father at the opening of the Winston Churchill auditorium at the Israeli Institute of Technology on Mount Carmel, Israel, on May 30. On the left is Mr. David Ben-Gurion, the Prime Minister. The auditorium was built with funds given by British Jews to mark Sir Winston Churchill's eightieth birthday in 1954



Right: rush-hour crowds walking home across London Bridge in heavy rain last week. The London bus strike is now nearing the end of its fifth week



Assembly on June 1 as General de Gaulle was being elected Prime Minister. Porters of the General, carrying him, parading through the streets was announced. Above, right: demonstration against General de Gaulle on May 29 after President de Gaulle formed a government



Mr. John Masfield, O.M., Poet Laureate since 1930, who celebrated his eightieth birthday on June 1



The new Finnish Seamen's church in Bermondsey which was consecrated last Sunday. The seventy-foot tower stands apart from the main structure



Four of a series of paintings, 'Christ in the Wilderness', by Stanley Spencer, R.A., in the parish church at Cookham, Berkshire, where an exhibition of his work is being held

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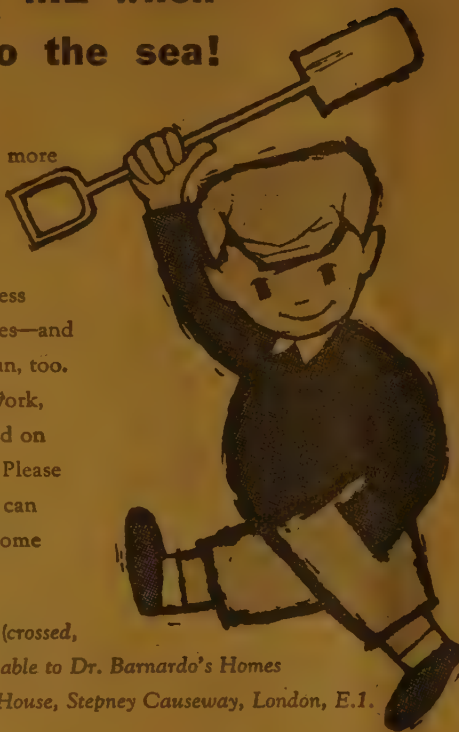
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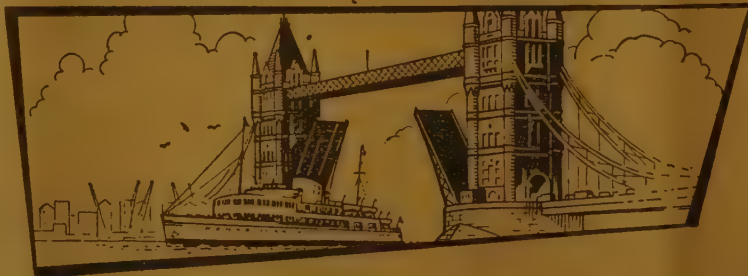
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Answers to correspondents

"Why have special glasses for drinking sherry? It's the same sherry whether it's served in a tumbler or a tankard."—H.B., Droitwich.

And how right you are, H.B.! But it's good housekeeping to serve sherry in a small, tulip-shaped glass—that way the bottle lasts longer. After all, if you cut cucumber sandwiches as thick as doorsteps instead of wafer thin, you'd soon run out of bread, wouldn't you?

"My friend was refused a small sherry in a wine bar because he wasn't wearing a jacket. Is this in order?"—Indignant, Balham.

There is no law that coats must be worn when drinking sherry, and I must confess that on occasion I have removed mine before sitting down, in the solitude of my little den, to a bottle of Mackenzie's Vintners Cream! Without knowing the full facts of the case I hesitate to give an opinion. Perhaps the man was wearing braces.

"After a sherry at our annual staff dance I was unable to remove the glass from my nose. How can I avoid this happening next year?"—Wendy, Harrow.

How embarrassing for you, Wendy! I hope it's off now. The conventional sherry glass certainly is a trap for the uninitiated, but the knack of draining it to the last drop comes with practice. Throw the head well back and follow through with the elbow high. Good luck!

"Unaccustomed as I am to public drinking, I'm always at a loss for words about wine, and so have to drink alone. Could you lend me the book called 'Oenophilia?' which you reviewed recently?"—Tongue-tied, Surbiton.

Alas, the only copy is now wedged under my sideboard; if I remove it, the bottles might fall off. But don't despair: fine words flow freely after a fine wine.

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(continued from page 939)

de-tribalised, urbanised, and the other still set in the traditional tribal way of life. No, there are now millions of Africans who spend their lives 'alternating between the tribal world and the modern industrial world'. To the economist this system is outrageous, because it is economically inefficient, or, to put it more plainly, wasteful. The acquisition of skill is delayed or prevented, and productivity remains unnecessarily low.

Professor Houghton tells of a man whose working life as a migrant worker lasted from the age of sixteen to fifty-three. His very first job took him 1,200 miles away from home, and he had been in sixteen different jobs in five different cities. He was sometimes away from home for months, and once for as long as four-and-a-half years. He was no exception. The novelist or the social worker naturally recognises that the most serious and tragic consequences of the system of migrant labour are not economic but psychological and spiritual. So does the economist. 'Uprootedness', says Professor Houghton, 'and the lack of a feeling of belonging anywhere is the greatest curse of Africa today'.

No Stable Family Life

Economic and emotional frustrations, uncertainties and tensions affect not only social stability but the health of the individual. Medical science in Africa, says Dr. Kark of the University of Natal, needs the help of the sociologist and the anthropologist, otherwise it will find itself dealing only with symptoms, not with causes or with prevention. He himself has studied a Zulu-speaking community at Pholela, in the foothills of the Drakensberg. Instead of farming at home and coping with the menace of soil erosion, the men of Pholela go to distant industrial centres as migrant labourers. While they are earning wages in the towns, the women are trying to produce food (which means chiefly maize) at home, but the combined efforts of men and women still fail to meet the elementary needs of the community, and how can there be any stable family life when husbands and wives are so separated?

Besides malnutrition, which in itself is unsettling to the mind, the disturbed or broken human relationships often result in profound emotional disturbances. The young men spend so little time at home that they have little chance during adolescence of developing friendships with the other sex. And even when they are engaged to be married they are mostly away at work and have little chance of developing a bond of affection with their prospective wives before marriage. Often the young bride has to live under the roof and the domination of an unsympathetic mother-in-law, enduring a position of inferiority and yet having to bear responsibility in the absence of her husband. Besides malnutrition and maladjustment there is, in places like Pholela, typical of many African communities, a high incidence of infectious diseases, closely related to the continuous movement of men to and from the industrial towns.

The men, away in the towns, attempting to ease the tensions and conflicts of their unsettled life, resort to witchcraft beliefs and practitioners. So far from the African's belief in witchcraft being reduced by contact with Western culture, Professor Marwick, of the University of the Witwatersrand, suggests that the opposite is

true. The African has been long accustomed to attribute his misfortunes to sorcery: insecurity and anxiety, arising from social upheaval, may well cause him to attribute to it the new kinds of misfortune which the industrial revolution forces him to face. All societies, Professor Marwick remarks, tend to idealise the past: none so strongly, I would add, as a dislocated society looking back to its former continuity of tradition and its oneness. So, just as the rapidly industrialising Japanese came to glorify their traditional tribal myths and manners more than ever before, no tendency of Africans to do the same, now and in the future, need cause surprise.

Accusations of Witchcraft

Professor Marwick says that wherever modern changes have brought about situations for which there are no indigenous precedents, and problems which tribal rules of thumb cannot solve, witchcraft accusations crop up. He tells of a young African couple recently converted to Christianity. He calls them John and Edith. John's maternal uncle died, leaving a widow, Norma. According to tribal custom, John ought then to have married Norma. But he was a Christian, and married already. The trouble that resulted from his refusal to marry Norma caused her to threaten him, and Edith was never happy until Norma died. Before then, two of John and Edith's children had died, and their deaths had been attributed to Norma's witchcraft. It is not easy to defy traditional morality.

Two of the talks deal directly with the painful topic of *apartheid*. Both are by social scientists, Professor Olivier and Dr. Hellman. They take opposite views. Professor Olivier believes that the white man in South Africa is 'compelled to pursue' a course of action which is intended to safeguard what he calls the 'continued existence of white nationhood'. Dr. Hellman, for her part, believes that the industrial revolution is continually making white and black more interdependent and creating conditions which must bring into being not separate racial societies but a shared community. And what are the views of the minorities? Dr. van der Ross, a distinguished Cape Coloured educationist, says that *apartheid* may well be incapable of achievement, but that, whether it is or not, his people must try to take the fullest part they can in developing the country of their birth. Mr. Coopan, for the Indians, says they can appreciate the fears and anxieties of the white minority, but believe the only wise alternative to *apartheid* to be 'a gradual approach to sharing life in a common society'.

To one of these talks, headed 'The African Intellectual', I find myself paying particular attention. One of the things that impressed me most, on revisiting South Africa not long ago, was the emergence there of a new African intelligentsia, in spite of all the odds against the getting of an education, against freedom of expression, and against the formation of the kind of society that can sustain an intelligentsia of its own. Yet there they are, lively and articulate, often gay and courageous, as they have been presented by Mr. Anthony Sampson in his book *Drum* and his new book about the treason trial in Johannesburg.

One of the most distinguished of them, Mr. Ezekiel Mphahlele, tells us how he was born in a Transvaal slum, herded goats and cattle as a boy, carried washing to and from the houses of

whites in the suburbs, but managed to get an education, to earn his living as a teacher, and to obtain, by private study, a degree in English. He is not boastful, nor is he the kind of man to tell a hard-luck story, but he does point out how, in conditions where semi-skilled labourers earn far more than a teacher, he is unable to do much for his own people, and loses their esteem. 'It is a lonely man', he says, 'who is not taken seriously by his own people, yet cannot keep aloof from them and their daily miseries'. African intellectuals, he says, are men with white collars and empty pockets. Some time after recording this talk, he found his prospects in South Africa so gloomy that he went to live in West Africa. This in itself is a striking example of the enterprise and determination of the African intellectual: but 'when the intellectual has been virtually forced out of the white man's town, he falls back on a poor community that cannot use his services'.

Christianity: Lost Enchantment

'The Christian faith', says Mr. Mphahlele, 'has lost its original enchantment, because it seems to many of us that it has become the very expression of the dishonesty of the West'. There speaks, I think, temperately but with terrible directness, the voice of the new Africanism, of the African Revolution that is in being. It is as startling, in a different way, as the quiet explanation by Professor Gilman, who teaches physiology in the University of Natal, that the African inherits 'a way of living which virtually commits him to a life pattern that invites physical and mental catastrophe', and that 'the average life-expectancy of the African in the Union is estimated as thirty-six years'.

The cumulative effect of these talks is to give some idea of African life from the inside, and of immense human problems that seem more likely to be—not solved, because human problems are seldom solved—but better understood, and perhaps reduced and made less wasteful, by the patient work of the scientist and by the understandings of imaginative men, whether white or black.—*Third Programme*

The Potter and the Evil Spirit

The potter could not know that when the spirit Gave him red silk, pillows, and ancestral voices, This meant that he would leave his kiln for ever And the soft flame hardening his bowls and vases,

That they and his quiet graves and naked shoulders

Spinning clay to clay would cross the rim Of time. He stepped upon the haunted floor. The spirit stretched her fingers out to him Curling like joss sticks in the windy door.

He could not know and yet his hands were ready.

When sages counselled him to paint a prayer To the Lord Buddha on his back and chest He would not do it. And a few there were Who said, 'Let us pray to this living man That he may intercede for us'. The spirit Moved like a curtain. With his whole life's love He touched a world he could at last inherit Wearing the evil spirit like a glove.

PATRICIA BEER

Tableware and its City

JONATHAN STONE on the skills of Sheffield

I LEFT Sheffield some twelve years ago when I was still only nine years old, yet my thoughts often return to the city. What is it that provides this constant reminder?

Immediately I sit down at any meal-table my eyes fix themselves automatically on the cutlery. Is it, I think, the product of one of the large factories which are Sheffield's finest ambassadors in every country? Or is it made by one of the smaller firms which manufacture on a more humble scale? Is the boss one of those prominent in the activities of the Cutlers' Company?; or just a little mester who lives down the road?

The name stamped on the blade of a knife, on a fork or a steel is very often well known to me, and who knows, on one of my occasional visits as a youngster to the works of some friends I might have seen that very piece of cutlery stamped with its maker's name. I remember clearly some years ago watching one of the many small mesters in Rockingham Street stamping table-steels as he sat on a very make-shift stool. There old Cyril was when I visited Sheffield a few weeks ago, in no way changed.

The only conception non-Sheffielders seem to have of the city is that it is dirty. Indeed, Horace Walpole, in a letter to Mr. Montagu dated September 1, 1760, wrote: 'As I went to Lord Strafford's I passed through Sheffield which is one of the foulest towns in England'. Happily it is no longer so dirty, but how many know anything about its cutlery and silver industries, the Cutlers' Company and the plating processes which flourished there from time to time and still do today? Some Sheffield customs are known outside the city: the most famous,

perhaps, the exchange of a small coin on the gift of a knife or pair of scissors. The idea of this is that the gift should be bought so that the donor might be absolved from responsibility for any injury the recipient might inflict on himself. When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Sheffield after the Coronation year they too honoured this traditional ceremony when they were presented with a case of knives.

The reason I mentioned scissors is because Sheffield has long been prominent in scissor-making. Walpole, continuing in his letter of 1760, said: 'There are 22,000 inhabitants making knives and scissors'. Scissor-smiths were registered

in the books of the Cutlers' Company as early as the seventeenth century. In the Sheffield Directory for 1787 there were thirty-four registered and eighty-seven in 1797. We are told that it was the Sheffield smith Robert Hinchcliffe who in 1760 produced the first cast-steel scissors. Until the nineteenth century all scissors were hand forged, but with the great advent of technical development in the Victorian era, especially in Germany, scissors came to be machine forged. In the Sheffield City Museum, which incidentally houses the finest collection of cutlery in the world, there is a large display of scissors of all sizes from a third of an inch long to two feet, from Persia, India, Italy, China, Turkey, and other countries: they

fork-making, but Italy started early since 'the Italian cannot by any means indure to have his meat touched with fingers, seeing that all men's fingers are not alike cleane'.

As late as the early eighteenth century many eating houses and even private homes were not fully equipped with tableware and this meant

that well-to-do travellers who were not prepared to eat the fare with their dainty fingers took with them small travelling sets of cutlery, often ingeniously made on hinges so as to take up the minimum of room. Knives and forks were considered comparatively precious in the eighteenth century and they were nearly always kept locked away in knife-cases—usually in pairs—which took on a variety of forms: the most regular a basically square box with a serpentine front and sloping lid: others merely had a plain bow front or were square with chamfered edges. Within was a slotted framework to hold the knives and forks in rising banks.

The earliest knife-cases were in walnut, but for the most part they were made of mahogany or satinwood and they were often beautifully inlaid and cross-banded. Some knife-cases were covered in shagreen or tooled-leather; but, most important of all, they invariably had a stout lock and the fittings for it and their handles were made of Old Sheffield Plate or silver. In recent years it has been the custom to replace the slotted framework for the knives with partitions so that the box may be used as a writing-paper case: I myself have an eighteenth-century tooled-leather one on my desk which serves as a splendid paper case. Knife-boxes of the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries were mostly in the form of large Grecian urns. A pair of unique English enamel cases of about 1770 was formerly in the Mulliner Collection and a silver one of 1797 by Peter and Anne Bateman is illustrated in the *Dictionary of English Furniture*.

The great London guilds have no need of introduction to anyone. For example, the Grocers' Company, the Mercers' Company and the Fishmongers' Company (for which Signor Annigoni recently painted his famous portrait of the Queen) and all the others are well known; yet the Worshipful Company of Cutlers in Hallamshire, which was founded by an Act of Parliament in 1624, means little to many outside Sheffield. The direct influence, however, of the Cutlers' Company even today is probably greater than that exercised by many of the better-known guilds in the south. The Cutlers' Company has



Sheffield silver candlestick of 1776 in the classical Adam form (height 12½ inches): maker's mark unrecorded

Victoria and Albert Museum



Eighteenth-century tooled-leather knife-case

are of every shape—some in the form of a dagger, others with beautifully decorated handles. Many of the Sheffield ones were made for show at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Whereas even today in many parts of the world fingers instead of spoons and forks are used for picking up food, the knife has always been a *sine qua non* in all walks of life. Many aspects of the development of cutlery are most interesting. For example, why did forks start off with two prongs in the sixteenth century, develop into three-pronged instruments by the end of the seventeenth century, and finish off as they are for the most part today with four prongs? Apparently when vegetables came to be served more frequently with the meat it was often impossible to eat them, for the peas and beans, for example, would always fall between the two prongs. The three-pronged forks were first replaced by those with four prongs around the seventeen-fifties, but two-pronged forks were still being made in York as late as 1784 and in Newcastle as late as 1801. Many European countries were comparatively late on the scene with



Pair of 15-inch Sheffield hand filed scissors, c. 1890: in the Sheffield City Museum

the word 'Sheffield' registered as a trade mark in most countries of the world, to prevent goods not made there being so marked. The importance of the annual Cutlers' Feast—a magnificent affair—is recognised to such an extent that it is always attended by a Cabinet Minister and a host of dignitaries not only from within the county but from all over the country. The position of Master Cutler is a much coveted one and it often happens that father is followed by son in that esteemed position.

The Assay Office

Bound closely up with the Cutlers' Company is the Sheffield Assay Office which was established by an Act of Parliament in 1773: it assays silverware made in Sheffield and within a radius of twenty miles and marks it, *inter alia*, with the crown of the city. If one examines the hall-markings on a piece of Sheffield silver, there are up to five different stamps and I shall try to explain the significance of each.

Before the maker sends an article to the Assay Office, he impresses his own mark—the initial letters of his first name and surname. When the piece comes to the Assay Office, the quality of the silver is tested and if it is of the high standard, it is impressed with the figure of Britannia, but if only of the everyday standard, with the lion passant. Between December 1784 and June 1890 the King's or Queen's head was stamped on to show that duty had been paid on the piece. Finally, the two marks peculiar to Sheffield were impressed—the crown of the city and the date letter signifying when the silver was hall-marked.

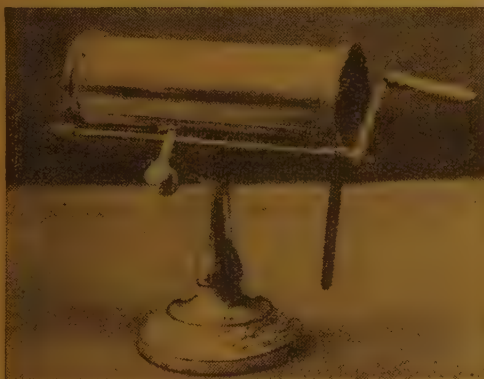
The Assay Offices of most cities have always marked silver with letters in regular alphabetical sequence, but not so Sheffield. The London letters run in cycles of twenty years—that is to say *a-u* (missing out *j*). The Sheffield letters start in a weird order—*e, f, n, r*. There is one reasonable explanation offered for this—or at least for the first cycle starting in the way it does, for we are told that when Sheffield was granted the privilege of assaying and marking her own plate, there was held a meeting of the Guardians of the Standard of Wrought Plate Within the Town of Sheffield. At this meeting the Earl of Effingham was in the chair and after some discussion it was apparently agreed in deference to his Lordship that the first cycle of letters should start with the initial letter of his name and that other chairmen should be granted a like honour. It was not realised what havoc this chaotic system would cause until well on into the nineteenth century. After the disorderly sequence *x, i, v, q, y, z, u*, for the years 1817-23, a standard system with a regular alphabetical sequence was adopted.

One peculiarity in the marking of Sheffield silver is the stamping of the town mark—the crown—and the date letter all in one with a single punch. This was done between 1784 (when the duty mark was first introduced) and 1854, and it made for easier marking on smaller objects where space was limited. There was apparently going to be so much confusion about these combination marks that the crown was purposely set upside down between 1815 and 1819. The final thing I want to say about the marks themselves is that for nine months from July 15, 1797, the King's head was duplicated because the duty was doubled.

In silver, perhaps the finest products of

Sheffield in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were table candlesticks, mostly in the classical Adam form with festoons and rosettes. So highly were they thought of by London and other provincial silversmiths that they used to overstamp the Sheffield maker's mark with their own, and even after the establishment of the Sheffield Assay Office in 1773 they sent them to their own assay offices for over stamping. The great authority Frederick Bradbury draws attention to a pair of Sheffield candlesticks over stamped with the mark of William Robertson of Edinburgh. The wares of John Winter suffered badly from this form of imposition. The chief culprits were the London silversmiths John Carter, Thomas Daniell, and John Scofield.

Although the standard of silver produced in Sheffield 150 years ago and today is very high, nonetheless it is probably for its plate as much as for anything that the city's fame has spread so wide. Just as wide, however, as the fame of Old Sheffield Plate is the confusion that hangs



Old Sheffield Plate cucumber-slicer, c. 1830: in Sheffield City Museum

over it. Old Sheffield Plate is one thing and one thing alone—silver fused on copper. No other combination ought rightly to be called Old Sheffield Plate.

In the letter I have mentioned earlier, Horace Walpole goes on to say: 'One man there has discovered the art of plating copper with silver. I bought a pair of candlesticks for two guineas and they are quite pretty'. This man was Thomas Boulsover, who in his attic workshop in Sheffield's Sycamore Street in 1743 discovered that silver and copper could be married at a certain temperature. The two united metals, originally known as copper rolled plate or fused plate, were quite workable and could be shaped and rolled. Thomas Boulsover, however, can hardly be said to have properly exploited his invention and he manufactured only small objects such as buttons and buckles. It was, in consequence, left to one Joseph Hancock—an ingenious mechanic—who was Master Cutler in 1763-64 to establish the rolled silver-plated copper industry. The great value in Old Sheffield Plate was that domestic articles with exactly the same finish as silver ones could be made at a fraction of their cost. Many objects used either only in the kitchens of the rich or else in humbler homes were therefore made in Old Sheffield Plate rather than silver.

There is a variety of Sheffield Plate objects in the Sheffield City Museum which rarely, if ever, were made in silver—egg-cookers, ear-trumpets, cheese-toasters and cucumber-slicers, for example. The Old Sheffield Plate industry was at its height between 1770 and 1790, in parti-

cular because of its export all over the world.

The early nineteenth century saw the beginning of the decline of the Old Sheffield Plate industry, for after the French Revolution the demand in that country fell heavily and the imposition of tariffs in America saw an almost complete halt to the exports there. The biggest blow of all to the industry, though, came with the invention of electro-plating, and with its greater speed, cheapness, and efficiency fine Old Sheffield Plate was soon no longer profitably manufactured. Other similar plating methods existed side by side with silver on copper. They included close-plating whereby thin sheet silver was more or less wrapped around certain iron and steel objects and fused to them by the use of a tin solder.

But Old Sheffield Plate remains as a pearl in the ocean of plating processes: it always looks fine and perhaps particularly so when a little of the red of the copper begins to peep through the plate after 150 or 200 years of cleaning and rubbing. It is not silver, but it is a magnificent product of a city whose tableware enhances the beauty of homes all over the world.

—Home Service

Norwich Revisited

Tombland and Thunderlane
I dream, bring back again
The years of conflict; nineteen-forty-two,
Too many years, the young do not understand,
How can they? Rocking through
The time of my nostalgia cradle manned.

Life's Green to the golden clock of Michael at
Plea,
Time is so perilous, the little I can see
From either point of vantage ridicules the
present:

Here old Erpingham built a gate and walked,
Here I too once stormed what was innocent
And spoke of love. Are dead words stalked?

Ghosts walk this city, Mousehold
Falls into a winter bitter cold
With raw soldiery drilling on its open slope;
Some now are dead, the others burghed
In little houses, mortgaged hope,
Dream also of the cry they once heard

Calling them to Meadows: now their sons
Ask of them questions concerning guns,
Fixed line firing, drops by night;
Everything the young read of in their book:
Warriors before Hiroshima snuffed the light,
Heroes before horror glazed the look.

Crome and Cotman painted stones that shout,
Landscapes that flung their secret out
Into a world that had the leisure:
Understanding sea and river, rich and poor in
their confusion

Built these streets, prayed, made their measure
And in death thought stone and tree illusion.

I am left with names; Chapel Field a vision,
My memory an ineffective shield against
derision,
Against that penetrating rain which chills heart
and brain;

A decade lost, the past an aimless pattern in a
frame,

Amen and no glory, a chance that will not
come again.

To what foundations shall we this city burn
with flame?

FREDERICK BRADNUM

Art

'Other Directed' Painters?

QUENTIN BELL discusses action painting considered in the light of David Riesman's 'The Lonely Crowd'

IN the history of European painting one may observe a marked but by no means invariable tendency on the part of the main centre of activities to shift from one seat of commerce to another. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to look for the next great efflorescence of painting in the United States. Until recently there has been little sign of such a development; America has, since the eighteenth century, given some considerable talents to Europe; but her native school of painting has remained provincial. Now, however, there are signs of a change. Action painting is, in a large measure, a product of the New World and, for the first time, painters in London and in Paris are following a transatlantic fashion.

When one surveys the paintings of this American school one is at once obliged to notice something rather new in what one may perhaps call its 'personality structure'. In most other movements the various painters, though seeking common ends, produce a diversity of results and it is fairly easy to arrive at an opinion concerning the relative talents of the members of a group; amongst the action painters the differences are less marked. Even so slight an artist as Mr. Sherman S. Lee, whose work is reproduced on this page, is not easily distinguished from many of his contemporaries. To some extent our inability to find any qualitative difference between the work of one action painter and another may be ascribed to our unfamiliarity with a new idiom; but in work which relies so heavily upon accidental effects it is difficult to see how a very large measure of uniformity can be avoided. A friend of mine, who is an enthusiastic admirer of modern American painting, when asked who its leaders might be, replied: 'You must not look for individuals, but for a school'. It is an illuminating remark and becomes even more illuminating when considered in conjunction with Mr. David Riesman's brilliant study of changes in the American character, *The Lonely Crowd*.

I must attempt, although it is a rash and presumptuous undertaking, to restate Mr. Riesman's central argument. He distinguishes three main phases in human relationships: that of the 'tradition directed' man, that of the 'inner directed' man, and that of the 'other directed' man (who is, to a large extent, an American phenomenon). The 'tradition directed' man, being destined for a definite role in life, is from the first taught to accept certain patterns of behaviour—an acceptance which may sometimes allow him to think as he pleases so long as he does what is expected of him. The 'inner directed' man, who lives in an age of opportunity and may adventure into many different

occupations, cannot rely upon the use of prescribed forms but is guided by inner principles which can be adapted to meet a great variety of situations. The 'other directed' man grows up into a society which has discarded traditions

and finally as a complete individualist, seeking entirely new modes of expression—new frontiers, as Mr. Riesman might put it—and controlled only by his artistic conscience—his 'psychological gyroscope'.

Is it not possible that, in action painting, we are witnessing the effect of the latest stage in characterological development? Is it not natural that a society which mistrusts eccentricity, which dislikes ruthless competition, and which seeks conformity, while rejecting tradition, should welcome a form of painting in which no invidious distinctions between leaders and followers are possible? 'Pure' action painting, in which fortuitous effects are left, as far as possible, to speak for themselves, may still be comparatively rare; but embellished accidents and 'near' accidents, paintings in which only a very slight measure of control over the material is exerted, are common enough. They have been accepted by a large public without any difficulty and already it may be said that no house or office with any pretensions to *chic* can afford not to have its action painting on the wall. Such easy acceptance, so different from the hostility that was felt, and is indeed still felt, by a large portion of the general public to the 'modern art' of some fifty years ago, is perfectly understandable. This kind of work frequently has considerable decorative charm and seldom, if ever, contains any meaning of a distressing or disquieting nature.

Here, in fact, we have a form of painting perfectly suited to a benevolent but centripetal society, a form which checks all unwelcome intrusions of disturbing personal feeling and the making of which consists, mainly, in an impersonal gesture of good-will towards the 'good guys' of the art world. Just how anodyne the action painters' pictorial gesture may be is, I think, made clear by the fact that Mr. Sherman S. Lee does not exist—or if he does I most humbly beg his pardon—for 'Game of Hazard' is the result of very little more than an accident with my inkwell. If any readers were, so to speak, 'taken in' by the illustration, fancying perhaps that they had seen other works by Mr. Lee, they are in no way to be blamed, for although this 'painting' is a caricature and lacks the graceful art with which many young painters adorn their haphazard effects, still the important impersonal element in this kind of work makes it unusually easy, even for an unskilled hand, to produce a fairly convincing parody.

In the art of the 'other directed' epoch the old methods of comparison and analysis, like the old creative preoccupations with content, expression or style, may be discarded. So may the critic.



'Game of Hazard', by Sherman S. Lee

and which offers much more security and much less diversity of employment than was common in the great period of capitalist expansion; he is concerned neither with outward ceremonies nor with inner imperatives, but with social adjustments. These can involve both inward and outward conformity. Unlike the 'tradition directed' man he cannot look to his elders and betters for guidance; unlike the 'inner directed' man he need not be self-reliant. He adjusts by being tolerant, friendly, and gregarious. He must not fall short of the standards set by his fellows in school, college, business, or workshop; but neither may he excel, for excess in any direction endangers his solidarity with the group.

Now this theory (which I have been obliged to condense brutally and, it may be, in a misleading fashion) seems to me to be applicable, up to a point at all events, to the history of art. The 'tradition directed' artist, closely bound by the methods of his predecessors, but free to attempt pre-eminence within the iconological framework of his culture, is an easily recognisable figure. So too is the 'inner directed' painter and, indeed, the whole development of Western painting can be seen in terms of his emergence, first as an outstanding figure within a cultural

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Pronouncing Italian

Sir,—The B.B.C. appears to take infinite pains over the pronunciation of outlandish words and names. Why does it persist in treating Italian as if it were a dead language to be pronounced anyhow? Could it not be finally laid down for all broadcasters that 'Sinfonia' is not accented like the English word ammonia, the stress falling on the penultimate? Mr. Peter Finch recently read the first part of *The Ring and the Book* admirably, but surely a schoolboy should know that as Guido Franceschini was an Italian, not a Spaniard, his Christian name is pronounced 'Gweedo' not 'Gheedo' and 'Esch' in his surname 'Esk' not 'Esch'.

Yours, etc.,

Wallingford

H. WARNER ALLEN

London's Changing Skyline

Sir,—As my reply to Mr. Berry's letter was written when I was ill, and seems only to increase the misunderstanding, perhaps you will permit me a little further space now that my head is clear again.

The sentence to which Mr. Berry objected, and which he considered apart from its context, was not intended as a sweeping condemnation; and I was shocked when he so interpreted it. It was meant only as a reminder that in certain circumstances certain things are desirable in the interests of good street design. For example, when a new building is introduced into an old unaltered street or square, the effect is better if the new front is of the same material and height as the others, and not designed with needless incongruity. Appreciation for the special qualities of the best of the old streets and squares will probably increase as they grow rarer, and with it the desire to preserve them fairly intact. I only hope that Bedford Square, Bloomsbury, does not suffer the fate of most of the others. But in most of the streets affected by piecemeal rebuilding the damage was irretrievable long before any architects now in practice came on the scene.

Some architects are better than others at designing new buildings that go well with old ones. Look at the new hospital-block in Guilford Street, Bloomsbury, and see how well it goes with the old terrace-houses. I would like to see more old streets and squares treated with similar respect; though recognising that such niceties are not always possible when one is 'living in a Revolution', as we are today.

I can understand Mr. Berry's feelings about the maddening frustrations of modern practice extremely well, and his impatience at still more criticism. But it is better to try to understand criticism than to dismiss it unexamined with an uncomplimentary label; for it is more than ever important today that the people who design buildings and the people who look at them should understand one another. The increasing mass of technical data involved is always tend-

ing to widen the gap between the expert and the man-in-the-street, and architecture is tending to become too remote and abstract and too much like a mere branch of engineering. Even letters to THE LISTENER may help in this connection. It is a good thing that people should have strong feelings about architecture, even when they disagree about it, as they always do: dog-fights are better than indifference.

Architects in other ages had their troubles too, including Michelangelo. I have sometimes wondered how he managed to escape being assassinated by his fellow architects long enough to complete anything, let alone St. Peter's. He must have had a constitution of iron to achieve what he did. Every great building is a great victory over adverse circumstance, and deserves to be treated as such. This is one reason why some of us are concerned about the problem of designing new buildings so that they do not damage the effect of old ones but combine with them to the advantage of both.

Yours, etc.,

Hertfordbury

H. W. RICHMOND

Coventry: Test-case of Planning

Sir,—It would be interesting to know where, even on the Continent, the rebuilders of a church have deliberately shifted its orientation through some ninety degrees. Instances do not exactly leap to my mind, least of all instances where the motives are as trivial as they seem to be in the New Coventry.

I leave the reader to decide whether it is I or my opponents who are trying to put first things first and to reason things out calmly. Not one of them has yet stated the problems of siting, articulation, circulation, etc., which the planners of Coventry were trying to solve. So far as I can remember, they have not even told us the population. Mr. Johnston-Marshall began with chit-chat about students' ideals in the Liverpool of the 'thirties, and followed this with some stray aesthetic dogmas, some, perhaps, of some relevance to details. So I asked how he really went about his plans. I cannot see that anyone has begun to answer this question.

Now Mr. Clifton-Taylor hopes to refute me by presenting me as a fussy ritualist, and bandying orientation with me. He thus shows himself a true Englishman. He fastens on one architectural problem, runs it to death, and then defends the wrong solution of it. No wonder that the English make such bad architects! I gladly leave Mr. Clifton-Taylor's party its large majority of heads, so long as they remain so empty.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

HUGH PLOMMER

The Unknown Debussy

Sir,—I have no desire to prolong an argument on a point of detail, or rather definition, which cannot be of great interest to your readers, but

as Mr. Lockspeiser still seems to be unhappy about the meaning I attach to the word 'fragment' (THE LISTENER, May 29), may I put it this way? Even if it can be established that as much as a whole scene of Debussy's 'House of Usher' was actually written down and is in existence today, most people, I think, would agree that it would still not be inaccurate to describe this as being only a 'fragment' of what there is every reason to suppose was intended to be a complete opera.

Yours, etc.,

Bramley

ROLLO MYERS

O No John!

Sir,—I am sorry that I did not express myself clearly: in saying that Baring-Gould 'suppressed entirely where he was shocked', I understood him to have refused to transcribe at all in many cases. I may be wrong in this impression, however, for I find myself unable to find printed support for it—in which case I must certainly apologise to his memory.

At any rate it is good to know that his transcripts still exist: but can Mr. Miller tell us whether they were in fact silently censored or no? If not, they are surely worth Mr. Reeves' attention.—Yours, etc.,

Abinger Hammer

HILARY CORKE

Queen of West Carberry

Sir,—Please permit me to quote to you and Mr. Lennox Robinson a few lines from page 75 of a collection of essays entitled *Happy Days!* by E. O. Somerville, Hon.Litt.D., and Martin Ross:

The end of August came, our visitors went, our playtime was over, and Martin Ross and I fell to work . . . in earnest. In *Irish Memories* published twenty-five years later than *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* (I give the full title since it is very seldom correctly quoted) the story of the book's beginning is told more fully.

I wonder what Miss Somerville would have said to Mr. Robinson, if he had called her book in her presence by the title printed in THE LISTENER of May 22.

Yours, etc.,

South Queensferry

R. BEER

'In the Land of the Musk-Ox'

Sir,—If Mr. J. F. West, who writes so preachily about Greenland (THE LISTENER, May 22), is really interested in the country, he should read Gjerset or some other reliable historian of Iceland or Norway. He will then discover that there were two distinct colonies, West Greenland and East Greenland. Several photographs of the Norse ruins in Eastern Greenland I have seen myself—shown me by the Icelandic member of the Anglo-Danish expedition which spent a summer in that part of the country several years ago.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

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NELSON

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland.
1641-1702. By J. P. Kenyon.
Longmans. 45s.

THERE IS NO MORE EXTRAORDINARY career in British political history than Sunderland's. At thirty-eight, with scant experience, he became secretary of state to Charles II at the height of the Popish Plot fever; his senior partners were Halifax the Trimmer and Essex the whig exclusionist. Within a few months he had taken James for his patron and become virtual head of a ministry of prerogative-men, the Chits—only to take a gamble on Exclusion before the year was out, and back William and Mary to succeed Charles in James' stead. Deeply disgraced when Exclusion failed, he nevertheless wormed his way back to the highest place in Charles' counsels, and though James' accession was a setback, finally achieved a still greater ascendancy by exploiting the king's religious fanaticism and encouraging his most despotic acts. He himself became a convert to Rome. Nothing could have been more resounding than his fall in 1688, nothing more abject than his failure of nerve; he fled abroad even before his king, renounced his conversion and grovelled for pardon. Yet within very few years he had become William III's chief political manager. At last, after associating with whigs of various colours all through the sixteen-nineties, he helped to bring in the tory administration which provided for the Hanoverian succession; which done he promptly turned to the Junto whigs again.

Such a life calls ideally for the scholarship of a Namier wedded to the pen of a Swift. Dr. Kenyon gets nearer to the former than the latter, but this is not to disparage a solid, original and thoroughly interesting book. From a vast range of sources he has acquired an enviable mastery of the political complexities of the age, personal, institutional, and ideological. Sunderland's motives are illumined as never before; Dr. Kenyon offers no excuses for his blunders and basenesses, but he makes the man credible, and avoids the temptation to moral indignation on the one hand and brittle cynicism on the other. Sometimes the prevailing neutrality with which he treats Sunderland's own actions does not extend equally to his opponents; a persistent animus against Halifax, for example, is a flaw in the book. But against this must be set many penetrating insights into other characters in the story (James II and Shrewsbury in particular), and a lively feeling for the cut and thrust of political fencing in a brutal age. There are also some wise words about the futility of trying to banish the terms 'whig' and 'tory' from a political analysis of the sixteen-nineties.

Far as Dr. Kenyon takes us towards understanding Sunderland as a politician, and even as a human being, he frankly admits to the difficulty of explaining his success. Great force of personality, freedom from any cramping scruples, finesse in playing upon the fears and weaknesses and cupidities of his contemporaries, above all a supremely confident willingness to relieve his masters of some of the killing burden of seventeenth-century kingship—these may be acknowledged. But from his first irresponsible

adventures—as ambassador to his backing of the Land Bank in 1696, Sunderland committed more gross errors than any politician should reasonably hope to survive. Certainly he owed less to his capacity for judging situations correctly than to his cool adroitness in turning about when he found he had backed the wrong horse. Though he had the outlook of a bureaucrat of the French pattern, he had no real talent for administration and little of his first patron Danby's readiness for sheer hard work. Dr. Kenyon explodes the legend of his charm; he had a vile temper, insufferable insolence, and a withering tongue. Indeed he bullied far more than he charmed, exploiting his reputation for sinister cunning, and no doubt fostering an apprehension that one so unprincipled in his politics and ruthless in his personal relations must be deep as well as dangerous.

The general reader will find that a fair knowledge of the political background is expected of him. He may wish, when he comes to the last perceptive pages on Sunderland the man, that Dr. Kenyon had slackened the reins a little more often, and found a little more room for his subject's personal and family life; what there is so good. But the tight-packed narrative moves cleanly forward, and the writing, despite occasional crudities and ambiguities, acquires a keener edge as the book proceeds.

Soondar Mooni. By E. O. Shebbeare.
Gollancz. 18s.

This is a book about Indian elephants, and a charming one it is. Mr. Shebbeare has spent many years as head of the Bengal Forestry Service and as Chief Game Warden of Malaya, and knows as much about elephants as any European, though he claims no more than that he has 'learnt something of the ways of elephants wild and tame'. But he has learnt much more besides—the ways of the people of the countries that he knows so well and of the wild life that he so carefully observed.

Soondar Mooni, freely translated as 'Beautiful Disposition', is an elephant that was born in north-west Assam and, after being captured as a calf, belonged for nearly thirty years to an elephant dealer in north-east Bihar whose children made a pet of her. Thereafter she was bought by the Jalpaiguri District Board and set to work; she turned out to be a most valuable and tractable animal who fully justified her flattering name. Soondar Mooni is the heroine of the book, and although the details of her early days are made up, the story of her later career, embellished with many diversions into by-paths of Indian lore, is entirely factual.

The story of the auction sale of elephants is told with a delightful dry humour that indeed pervades the whole book, and the chapters on elephant training and elephant fairs are full of interest. Soon after Soondar Mooni's purchase by the District Board she had to take part in a tiger shoot during which she was distinctly nervous, much to the concern of 'the forester'—the author—who took a special interest in her. She subsequently disgraced herself by bolting in the face of a tiger and escaping into the jungle. After several days searching the forester

gave her up for lost, but was delighted when she turned up on her own a week later at her headquarters sixty miles away. Thereafter her career was nothing but success, and she learnt to be staunch with tigers or anything else, and became a first-rate howdah-elephant much in demand for sporting purposes. As the Australian Minister for External Affairs says in his introduction, 'I commend Mr. Shebbeare's book with enthusiasm to those many people who are interested in unusual things, described with sensitivity by an unusual man who knows all about his subject'.

The Epic Strain in the English Novel
By E. M. W. Tillyard.

Chatto and Windus. 21s.

Three or four years ago, Dr. Tillyard published his history of the English epics, from *Beowulf* to Pope. His new book is an appendix to the earlier one, a short survey of the epic's after-math in English. The traditional verse epic may have declined, but what about prose? Dr. Tillyard sees no reason why an epic need be versified, any more than a comedy or tragedy, and admitted Bunyan to his history as an epic writer. Are there any later English novels which might properly be called epic? Dr. Tillyard examines a number—*Tom Jones*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Vanity Fair*, *Nostromo*, *Middlemarch*, *The Old Wives' Tale*—and judges their claims to belong with Homer. He also studies the early Waverley novels, not as narratives with serious epic claims, but as an 'epic area': epic in the same way that a country may be volcanic, without spawning one actual volcano.

It is an enterprise precarious with apparent contradictions, and one or two reviewers have already seized on them mockingly. How do you study a genre after writers have ceased to write in it? Is any more to be gained from discussing novels as epics than from discussing odes as sonnets? And even should you prove a certain novel to be a perfect prose epic, would this really matter more than deciding whether to call a tomato a berry or a vegetable?

Dr. Tillyard might have averted some carpings by presenting his terms slightly more explicitly. His quest is for a quality, not a form: he might have made it plainer that he was sketching the transition of a noun into an adjective, the epic into the epical. He might have insisted further on the novel's debt to epic. It becomes vital to discuss odes in terms of sonnets if you can show that the former evolved, as Keats' did, out of the latter. Finally, he might have avowed candidly what appears covertly throughout the book: that for him, epic is also a standard of value. Time and again, he denies novels the title evidently because he cannot find them *good* enough. It would have helped to admit this. For the justification of his apparently academic quest rests on a strong and interesting argument. Obviously, he believes epicality to be the highest quality in literature, because he considers it the most public.

Epic, says Dr. Tillyard, has always a communal or 'choric' element. The epic writer expresses in symbols the feelings of a large group of people living in or near his own time.

He raises to heroic poetry, by the breadth and force of his vision, the 'sanity' of his age. Dr. Tillyard touches here the whole significance of genres: the reason for discussing them before saying anything else about a literary work. Genre defines the work's relation to its public, the way it must be received. By doing so, it defines the work's relation to reality: the ratio, as it were, of its inner world to the outer one it images. But a tomato by any other name would taste the same? Does no one remember what passed for Chekhov before David Magarshack discovered for us that the plays were Russian comedies? Comedy was their bitter, tender relation to their time: if you will, their validity.

So that Dr. Tillyard's concern, in fact, is to show that certain novels are more important than we have hitherto granted because they heroically epitomised a civilisation. He makes a moderately effective case for regarding *Robinson Crusoe* as the epic of England's eighteenth-century bourgeoisie; a rather less convincing one for reading *The Old Wives' Tale* as the saga of English provincialism. But his quest and method justify themselves in his discussion of *Nostromo*. Epic? That dream-like, phosphorescent romance of a South American Ruritania? Dr. Tillyard simply relates it to its century: the nineteenth century we have forgotten or overlooked, which for millions who never read a novel meant the century of the Liberators. Suddenly it seems staggering that no one has called *Nostromo* epic before; and that anything else about it seemed worth saying.

Letters of a Russian Traveller

By N. M. Karamzin. Translated and abridged by Florence Jonas.

Oxford. 30s.

This book is an account of a tour of Germany, Switzerland, France, and England made in 1789-90 by a young Russian (then aged twenty-two) who before his death in 1826 was to establish himself as one of the most important pioneers in the development of modern Russian literature and of the Russian literary language. The *Letters* were not to be Karamzin's main monument—that position belongs to his twelve-volume unfinished *History of the Russian State*. But whereas the latter work has long been superseded in its historical aspect by more systematic researches, the historical and human interest of the *Letters* has only been enhanced by the passage of time.

There could hardly be a more striking contrast than that between Karamzin's *Letters* and another recently translated Russian account of a journey to western Europe made more than half a century later—Dostoevsky's *Winter Notes on Summer Impressions*. Where Dostoevsky harangues and indulges in tortuous but brilliantly exhibitionist tirades, Karamzin is modest, civilised, temperate and sometimes dull. Where Dostoevsky was egocentric and came to Europe to confirm certain preconceptions, Karamzin was everywhere more concerned with the life going on around him, in famous contemporaries such as Wieland and Lavater, whom he sought out, and writers no longer living, such as Voltaire and Pope, to whose former residences he liked to make his pilgrimage.

Karamzin was the foremost exponent in Russian letters of Sentimentalism and accordingly a mood of melancholy reflectiveness on the

human lot is here dominant in delicately phrased elegies on the virtues of kindness, good sense and natural scenery observed in a spirit of controlled enthusiasm.

The young Russian's muse gained in vigour as his account proceeded and the last section, devoted to England, is also the most interesting. Karamzin could not say enough about the beauty of the women of England, 'where Cupid shoots his thousands of darts in all directions'. But he disliked the climate, the phlegmatic English men, the smoky atmosphere and the general attitude to foreigners as 'some kind of incomplete, miserable creatures'.

Since one of Karamzin's main services was in helping to develop the Russian literary language, some of his observations on the art of translation are particularly interesting. When he said of the Russian language 'New combinations of words and even new words will have to be created', he was mapping out what was later to become one of his own main achievements. The translation, editing and introduction of this most welcome volume are on a high level of professional excellence.

Gustav Mahler. By Bruno Walter.

Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

Bruno Walter's little book on Mahler was originally published in 1936 and issued in an English translation the following year; it now reappears in a new and, on the whole, satisfactory translation marred only by a few such blots as 'folksy' and 'woe of the world' (which is much better left as *Weltschmerz*). As a document about Mahler, the book is valuable and exasperating: valuable, because none of Mahler's interpreters was closer to him as a man and none has seemed to understand his music quite so penetratingly; exasperating, because Walter is able to convey so little of what he should have been able to tell us. Here is a great conductor writing on a composer whose scores he lived with throughout his life, yet he has nothing more to say about Mahler's handling of the orchestra than this:

There was, also, a notable advance in instrumentation, based in his case on an unrivalled capacity for vivid sound-imagination and on an intimate knowledge of the orchestra. Yet his imaginative mastery of sound never seduced him into attaching too great importance to coloration. He used his rare aural gifts to achieve the utmost orchestral lucidity. Where special colour was needed to fulfil his intentions, he mixed it on his own palette, as only one of his amazing sensibility could do.

It needed neither a Bruno Walter nor so many words to tell us that Mahler's scoring is lucid and individual.

Yet through the haze of verbosity one gets many glimpses of Mahler the man: as a musician, more glimpses of Mahler the conductor than of Mahler the composer. We learn that in casting an opera, 'he never hesitated, when it seemed right to him, to put the dramatic viewpoint before the musical'. We are given instances of his great kindness to singers where artistic considerations were not involved, of his tactlessness and ruthlessness (amounting to cruelty) where they were. We see him at Steinbach taking two kittens in his pockets on his walks, so as to 'enjoy their gambols while he paused for a rest'. We see him in his 'night' moods when 'a profound sense of the misery of this world would rise in icy waves from the

centre of his being and overwhelm his spirit', leaving 'his distracted countenance marked by spiritual paroxysms'. Even were his music less important than it is, Mahler would still be one of the most rewarding of subjects for a biographer.

Niki, the Story of a Dog. By Tibor Dery.

Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.

The author of this small book is one of the four leading Hungarian writers who were tried, *in camera*, last November for 'hostile activities during the events of November 1956 and subsequently aiming at "overthrowing the order of the State"'. They were all sent to prison, Mr. Dery receiving the longest sentence, nine years. The picture of him on the wrapper shows, under an old flat cap, a sensitive, lined face with heavy-lidded eyes, and a long stubborn upper lip. It is the face of an individualist, a man who stands by what he believes, and indeed we learn from the biographical note below it that he refused an order of the communist regime to re-write one of his books.

One may assume that the white terrier with its small, sad head at whom he is gazing in the picture is Niki, the heroine of his story. Unhappy with her first owner, she gets herself adopted by a Budapest engineer and his wife who live nearby, calling upon them daily and, when she has learnt their domestic routine, waiting for the engineer every evening by his bus-stop to escort him home. The Ancsas are middle-aged and unwilling to undertake fresh responsibilities, 'their only son had been killed at Voronezh, Mrs. Ancsa's father had been killed in a saturation air-raid, and the Ancsas had good reason to know that affection is not only a pleasure for the heart but also a burden which, in proportion to its importance, may oppress the soul quite as much as it rejoices it'. But Niki gets her way in the end and, so far as character is concerned, she has played her cards well, for no dog could wish for kinder, more understanding owners than the engineer and his wife: 'We all know that respect for order is an excellent thing, and that this is even more important in times of revolution than in a period of stability; but the Ancsas were of opinion that it was completely unnecessary to abuse anyone's obedience, whether man or beast, even in the name of order. Niki, then, never had to complain about encroachments on her field of independence by a master or mistress drunk with power'.

It will be seen from the above quotation that this 'story of a dog' is something more than that, that a grave note and wider implications have crept in; in fact Niki is a well-observed personality in her own canine rights, but through those rights Mr. Dery views and reflects upon the social scene about him, the indignities and injustices of life in a police state.

In her total dependence on man, Niki was like those detainees who have no idea why they have been put in prison nor how long they will stay there; or like those heads of State undertakings who, when appointed, have no idea of how long they will remain in their new post; or the assistants in the nationalised Közert food shops who are completely ignorant of why, from one day to the next, they have been transferred to a branch at the other end of the city, an hour and a half by tram from their home; or like those writers who do not know why they are writing what they are writing; or again, like their readers, who don't know why they are reading it.

Mr. Ancsa falls into disfavour with the Party, is demoted, then suddenly arrested—that is to say that one day he does not return home and for a whole year his anxious and impoverished wife can obtain no news of him, not even if he is alive or dead; most of her friends desert her from fear of contamination; only Niki is left to her, and in a nightmare passage an attempt is made one day by 'officials of the dog-pound' to seize the animal while she is taking it for a walk: 'The bitch ran straight to her, closely pursued by the first official who was trying to get the wire loop fixed to the tip of his long stick over her head'. 'And how, they wanted to know, could [Mrs. Ancsa] reconcile her communist conscience with the fact that she spent her days taking dogs for walks, instead of working?' Deprived of her master, her walks, her freedom ('It's want of liberty that's killing her'), Niki ails and dies; and, on the eve of this event, the engineer returns home as suddenly and inexplicably as he left.

'Were you told why you were arrested?'

'No', the engineer replied, 'I was told nothing'.

'And you don't know either why you were released?'

'No', the engineer replied, 'I wasn't told'.

This little book should be read by everyone. The loving portrait of Niki will delight all dog-lovers—though they will gently correct Mr. Dery when he says: 'The bitch was in her third year (the equivalent would have been a young woman of five-and-twenty)', for the unit of multiplication from canine to human longevity is nearer five than eight—and its censure of the present administration in Hungary is a warning that no one can afford to neglect. If, however, the opinions it expresses are the cause of Mr. Dery's imprisonment, it would seem that the regime cannot distinguish between criticism and subversion. It is to be hoped that wiser counsels may prevail, for it is the book of a good, brave

Earth's Company. By L. Reid.

Murray. 25s.

Biologists have been generally agreed that the process of evolution of all living organisms has occurred by the action of natural selection working upon the results of random mutations in the genes, and that the inheritance of characters acquired during the lifetime of an individual does not take place. Recent work on genetic assimilation has thrown some doubt on the concept that the environment can never produce in an individual character that may be inherited, but it has in no way superseded the basic idea that random mutations in the genes provide the main opportunity for evolution to take place.

The work of Darwin and Wallace, first published a hundred years ago, convinced the scientific world, after much controversy, that organic evolution and not special creation provided the most acceptable and rational explanation of the observed phenomena. Many people who could not relinquish their long cherished dogmas, but who were intellectually convinced of the truth of the new outlook on biology, went to great lengths in their attempts to reconcile these two incompatible concepts. Prominent among them was P. H. Gosse who was heart-broken that his ingenious theories set forth in *Omphalos* were neglected and treated as unworthy of notice by contemporary

scientists. Many others have followed in his footsteps, with similar lack of success, and now Mr. Reid, too, wants to have it both ways.

Earth's Company attempts a review of the main provinces of biology from an ecological point of view, and succeeds in giving a very readable account of the ecology of plants and animals, and their relationships to their environment and to each other. But the author cannot stomach the idea of random mutation, that the beautiful integrated world of nature owes its being to the blind 'God of Chance', that 'any purpose we may think we see in the great cavalcade of life stops short within our own minds, is subjective only, apparent not real'. He affirms his faith in a purposeful design in the world of nature, planned by a purposeful mind. Many scientists admit that their view of nature is concentrated upon only one facet of the complex of natural phenomena, and that gazing upon other facets may well give an equally true though different picture. But those like Mr. Reid, who try to look at two facets at the same time, are liable to suffer from a squint that blurs both images.

The Correspondence of Berthe Morisot Compiled and edited by Denis Rouart.

Lund Humphries. £6. 6s.

The publishers of this book are to be congratulated on the manner in which they have presented it to the world. It was probably the best dressed book of 1957. Discreetly encased, excellently printed and produced, it is embellished with facsimiles of letters and sketches by Berthe Morisot and by her even more distinguished friends amongst whom were Manet, Degas, Renoir, and Mallarmé.

If the book has a fault it lies in the actual matter of the text although, even here, a casual glance through these nicely arranged pages will stir the imagination of those who savour the romance of art history. Berthe Morisot dwelt in the heart of the intellectual bourgeoisie under the Second Empire and the Third Republic and all the scenes of her life were of a kind to excite the interest of the historian. Monsieur and Madame Morisot together with their two charming daughters attracted men of genius as infallibly as some other people attract bores. The young ladies were taught painting by Corot, they were soon intimate with Puvion de Chavannes and with Fantin Latour, they made friends with Manet and before long Berthe was mildly jealous of Eva Gonzales. Eventually, after some parental agitation, she married Edouard Manet with whom, it would appear, she was perfectly happy. The War and the Commune provide an element of dramatic tragedy which was followed by the exhilarating, but at times heart-breaking, battle of Impressionism. She lived a full life, looking after a household, raising a daughter and painting, a life far removed from the extremes of wealth or poverty and which left room for delightful luncheon parties when Mallarmé and the greatest painters in France met around her table. It was a life which ended far too soon, when she was only forty-four years old.

The intimate correspondence of a woman who had lived amongst men of such stature and who was, herself, clever and talented could not, one might fairly suppose, fail to be of interest. Nevertheless the letters that were written by and to Berthe Morisot come very near to achieving

this impossibility. M. Rouart, in his preface, admits very candidly that she does 'almost never touch on fundamental questions', neither, it would seem, did she inspire others to do so. Her friends write to say that they can or cannot come to lunch, that the weather is or is not fine; she replies telling them that the baby is unwell or that she thinks that it would be nice to take a villa by the sea for the month of August. One wonders upon what principle the editor has made his selection; to have made a uniformly readable volume he would have had to remove at least three-quarters of that which he has allowed to stand. It is particularly unfortunate that the only writer amongst Berthe Morisot's friends should have been Mallarmé, who, in his letters, pleases not by reason of his matter—which is as banal as that of the painters—but by a verbal magic which is, alas, untranslatable. It is not a harsh criticism of the translator, Miss Hubbard, to say that she has preserved no more than a ghost of his prose style.

It may be fairly argued that a work of this kind, however dull, may still be of the greatest value to scholars—those who are anxious to establish that Renoir was unwell at such and such a time, or that Degas was in one place while Monet was in another. Unfortunately it may be doubted whether the savant will be better pleased by this volume than the general reader. For him an extract is insufficient, he must have the entire letter and for him it is essential that the date and provenance of pictures and documents should be supplied. He will be disappointed and perhaps exasperated by what he finds and does not find.

Undoubtedly this work will appeal to a large public, but not to that public which actually reads the books that it buys.

On English Prose

By James R. Sutherland. Oxford, for University of Toronto Press. 28s.

In the history of literatures prose commonly develops later than poetry and its progress is more faltering and experimental. From uncontrolled cumbrousness writers tend at first towards a studied magniloquence that is remote from ordinary speech—a course which at all times tempts unsophisticated composers. On the other hand, 'there are certain periods in our literature', Professor Sutherland observes, 'when the gap between writer and reader has been narrowed so much as to permit prose to approach the style of well-bred conversation'. It is this latter style—not less an accomplishment of art than more elaborate types—that the author here avowedly prefers, and of which he himself is an admirable exponent. Yet he does not fail in appreciation of writers such as Milton, Browne, Ruskin, Pater and others. The modestly designed title indicates a causerie rather than a treatise, but there can be few more masterly surveys of the various qualities of English prose.

Professor Sutherland has interesting things to say of the relation of the physical means of writing to prose styles. These, from parchment and quills to smooth paper and steel pens and later devices, have supported the evolution of modern prose, and along with these processes has grown the speed with which matter is read, calling for the short sentences of current usage. This wholly admirable book should be published in cheaper form in due course.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Newsworthy Week

BY FAR the most exciting thing on television in the past week was of course the News. In considering how it stood up to the crisis abroad and the strikes at home (as well as such disasters as the loss of Mr. Trueman's cricket boots) one should surely assume that no one relies entirely on television for news. Quite a lot of effort still goes into the production of newspapers and there is above all sound broadcasting where, as everyone knows, much the fullest up-to-the-moment report from correspondents in the centres of crisis is always to be had.

What television does at present within its bulletins, now spoken in an agreeable *allegro non troppo* style by the regular newsreaders, is to put you in almost physical touch with a wise, detached, unrattled man lately on the spot. On the Eurovision link we have seen and heard regularly in Paris Thomas Cadett and Godfrey Talbot, on the home front Hardiman Scott and Bertram Mycock, and between them, with the occasional summing-up from Thomas Barman, they have kept us extremely well informed. It is inevitable that the film camera should lag a little behind these reports, uttered in front of a static 'backdrop' of the Place de l'Opéra or a photograph of de Gaulle; even so it has with great rapidity brought us shots from Paris of the scene outside the Assembly or Gaullist car-drivers tooting their horns in the Champs Elysées, of massed meetings in Algeria, of uneasy calm in Corsica, of the village of Colombey-les-deux-Eglises and the General's big black car. 'News Review', the weekly retrospective round-up now moved to late on Saturday evening, is always worth watching, and in such a newsworthy week as this one it was a vivid reminder of how much may happen to a nation in seven days.

While on the News we have seen a 'Portrait of Power' in the making, a re-created one from the past must by comparison seem tame. In his own lifetime Lloyd George just missed television by inches—a pity, for even in old age he would have made memorable use of the medium. The 'Portrait' of him televised on May 30 turned out to be rather a frustrating sketch. Even with as energetic and intelligent an expounder as Robert McKenzie in control, the part which Lloyd George played in the history of our time just cannot be compressed into half an hour without skimping. If some plays are too long, then original programmes like this are too short. Lord Stansgate seemed all set to give us some amusing and penetrating recollections of his old chief that would have brought the past to life more vividly than any amount of archive film, when he was cut short. A producer with the great experience of Huw Wheldon cannot surely have forgotten what good value on the screen elder statesmen always

are. As it was, the whole burden of making plain the different phases in the career of one who so long outlived his period of triumph, and the reasons for this, fell on Mr. McKenzie, with the aid of some of Low's fiercest cartoons: he took the strain with firmness, but could not give more than an outline.

The same generation that found this portrait inadequate will have been grateful for the show-

play Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind".

After Danny Kaye's touching film, already twice televised in this country, about the part played by Unicef in conquering disease among children all over the world, there comes Harry Watt's 'People Like Maria', about the work of the World Health Organisation, seen on May 27. Far from being worthily dull and statistical, as one expected, this film imaginatively adapted its

factual material and the result was thoroughly absorbing. There were three episodes: the one from North Nigeria showed how in the fight against malaria a certain common type of mosquito has developed an inborn resistance to its chemical killer, nasty confirmation of a similar fact we were recently made aware of in the programme about tuberculosis; the other two parts of the film came from as far apart as Bolivia and the swamps of Iraq and had more of what the handouts call 'human interest'. We watched Maria, a pretty Bolivian nurse, and Om Tang, a young Burmese health assistant, going about their work for the first time and gradually, after a patient struggle, winning grateful acceptance from the rather primitive communities they were there to serve—in its unobtrusive way as revolutionary a moment as anything else that we have seen on television this week.

As I mentioned briefly last week, the Darwinian series about evolution ended with a discussion on man to wind up the demonstrations. Sir John Wolfenden was in the chair with, on his right, the Rev. J. S. Habgood and Dr. Towers of Jesus College, Cambridge; on his left, Dr. Young of London University (previously seen in the programme) and Sir Julian Huxley. Like so many other talks during the week that did not have the benefit of Sir John as a mediator between the two sides, this one ended in deadlock. It hinged, if at all,



Mr. Lloyd George visiting the western front in September 1916: a photograph shown in 'Portraits of Power' on May 30

Imperial War Museum

ing the night before of the American C.B.S. film of the 'War in Spain', the war on the rumour of which we were brought up. Film archives were rifled once again, but this time a full fearsome picture emerged. With a strong-minded anti-Communist General taking charge through a protracted military *coup* it all seemed rather too close for comfort.

The narrator was Walter Cronkite who concluded wryly that in the United States at the time 'we were busy trying to find someone to



'People Like Maria,' a programme on the work of the World Health Organisation, on May 27: above, a young Burmese girl; right, Maria (a Bolivian nurse) teaching Andean-Indian women new methods of cooking

World Wide Pictures





Scene from 'The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial' on June 1, with John Longden as Captain Blakely (behind, between the two flags), William Sylvester (standing, centre) as Lieutenant Barney Greenwald, and Cecil Linder (seated, right) as Lieutenant-Commander Philip Francis Queeg

on the exact meaning of Huxley's term 'cultural evolution' but though in parts stimulating and entertaining it left the impression of the two vital sets still to play.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

After the Typhoon

'THE CAINE MUTINY COURT-MARTIAL' has been the matter of a novel and a play by Herman Wouk and was the 'Sunday Night Theatre' presentation of this week. Adaptation and production were by Alvin Rakoff. There are always two theatrical certainties, provided they are not badly bungled, namely the Cinderella Story and the Trial Scene. There could be no Cinderella to melt our hearts here, since there was not one woman in the cast. But, in the case of the Caine Mutiny, the Trial Scene once more proved its capacity for getting the verdict.

For nearly the whole of an unbroken hour and three-quarters we were faced with one courtroom set. But I should be surprised if many viewers who began the session retired before the end. If the Stage Trial was on trial, charged with loitering or boring or telling a familiar story, it left the court in this instance with no stain on its character.

Yet the decision was hardly in doubt and there was no slick aid to excitement by the introduction of a sudden surprise. An unusual twist did at last come, but that was out of court, when the defending counsel who had secured the acquittal of a U.S.A. naval lieutenant charged with mutiny turned round to deliver a smashing attack on a sailor-novelist who enjoyed being rude about the Services. Before that the grip on the attention had been completely maintained despite the obvious danger of monotony.

The tale was simple enough. During a war-time typhoon in the Pacific, Lieutenant Maryk had felt compelled to use articles in the U.S. Navy Regulations which justify a junior officer usurping the position of a senior. Maryk had deposed Lieutenant-Commander Queeg, whose decisions about navigation he thought would lose the ship. Behind this episode there was the record of Queeg's tyrannical behaviour, readiness to 'doctor' the log to cover his own faults or misdoings, and general symptoms of paranoia. The searchlight was turned on to the past of an unstable, unhappy man: it had to be turned on to save Maryk from ruin and Maryk was per-

fectly justified in the drastic action that he took.

The power of the piece lay in Herman Wouk's clear and cogent drawing of character. The trial, firmly and fairly presided over by John Longden, was persuasive theatre because it was never made theatrical, and was never eased for the audience by playing for laughs. The initial bounce and subsequent deflation of Queeg received a brilliantly vivid portraiture of a psychotic type from Cecil Linder. William Sylvester was no less effective as the defending counsel who, to win his case, had to tear Queeg to ribbons and hated doing so, since



Delphi Lawrence as Anna Jacks in 'Long Distance' on May 30

Queeg was a fighting man facing danger on civilisation's side. Nigel Stock, as the honest, bewildered Maryk, was also wholly credible.

Two nights before there had been a most effective employment of violent tension in Harry Junkin's 'Long Distance'. Here was a struggle to save a life at the last moment in the face of a tardy telephone service. But in the Caine case the tension was not in the tale but in the people. So the Trial Scene won yet again because, with no Portia to produce an ace of trumps from the sleeve of a lawyer's gown, it was all fair play—and good playing.

Jacqueline Mackenzie established her television renown with the subtlety of her visual descriptions: in her brief monologues she hit off, with a kindly, twinkling humour, the various types that she encountered in her round-and-about reporting. In one of the 'Trouble for Two' series that I saw on May 26 she, with Lorae Desmond, was attempting a much broader kind of fun. This was a routine comedy sketch in which two young women, striving to be selected by a visiting American as Girl of the Year, masqueraded as maid-servants in a flat where he was guest in order to dazzle him over the dishes. Neither text nor production was helpful: everything was bustled along with voices too loud and face-play too obvious. Miss Mackenzie is far too good for this kind of chortle-hunting. May she now stick to what she can delicately do instead of wasting her time on what is not worth doing at all.

From the northern studios on May 29 came a modern-style Western. The Liverpool Playhouse company chased American accents with determination and caught them, at least to my ears, with success. But the play, 'The Desk Set', never deserved the strenuous pursuit. The tale was of a radio company whose reference department undertook to answer any sort of question hurled into the telephone. The young ladies at the desks slaked this thirst for knowledge with surprising readiness: they were led by a Miss Watson who appeared to be blessed with a photographic memory as well as photogenic features. The company tried to replace their energies with an electronic brain which, needless to say, was outwitted. Threatened jobs were recovered as the machine developed brainstorms.

No doubt it is satisfactory to know that the human brain-pan can hold its own and make automation look absurd in the process. But every move in the story was easily foreseen and the whole thing no less easily forgotten. It was melancholy that a company with Liverpool's traditions and accomplishments should be represented by this trite American import. Willard Stoker's direction of a capable cast was not in fault, and Miss Watson was played with brisk charm by Irene Sutcliffe. But are we really unable to find native plays that suffice? The standard of quality set by the script of 'The Desk Set' should have been easily reached by a 'prentice hand.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

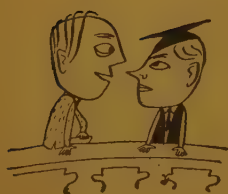
Calypso in Eclipse

ONE THING I WILL SAY for Errol John's 'Small Island Moon', Amelia would not approve. (You will be properly introduced to Amelia presently.) I had spent a good deal of Whit Monday evening in the company of Amelia and her select circle, politely concealing yawns behind my hand, and to my dismay she returned the call next night. A lady of firm and sensible opinions, she did not fail to give me her view of Mr. John's characters. They are not, she pointed out, ladies and gentlemen, which is no doubt why things turn out as lamentably as they do. But then, my dear, they are West Indians, which explains everything. So indiscreet of the girl Rosa to compromise herself with a trolley-driver and to accept gifts from an elderly employer of whose equally dishonourable intentions she could not but be aware. It was only to be feared that when the worthless fellow deserts her to come to England—when Teviot joins the Government I shall mention the immigration question to him—she would misconduct herself, as he supposed she had, with the importunate old ruffian. What else is to be expected of such people? No morals, none. Children of nature, perhaps, but must not one draw the line somewhere?

There is really nothing to choose between them. Did it not come out in the end that Mrs. Adams, apparently a respectable washerwoman, had married Mr. Adams in haste to dissemble the shameful consequences of another deplorable liaison? One might perhaps have hoped that Mr. Adams, once so skilful at cricket, would have turned out better? Not, I fear, in so lax a moral atmosphere. Common theft, my dear, to buy a bicycle for the child he did not know was not his. Of course it ended in the police court as these things will. Not cricket in *our* sense, my dear. It is pathetic, I do not mind confessing, I shed a tear myself for the troubles of these poor feckless aborigines. I am thankful, at least, we do not live so. They have only themselves to blame if they do not achieve the state of felicity of our dear, devoted Teviots.



the things they say!



First-class honours in Chemistry, eh, Jim?

I expect you've been offered plenty of jobs.

Yes, but unfortunately most of them have been in industry.

What's so unfortunate about that?

Well, I'd like to go on doing the kind of research we do at the University.

Industrial research holds no attractions for me.

Why not? I used to think like you, but since I joined I.C.I. I've seen that research

in industry can be just as satisfying. Think of the value to hospitals of the new

anaesthetic 'Fluothane' and the importance to farmers of 'Helmox', a new treatment for lung-worm disease in their cattle. Both are recent I.C.I. discoveries and this is obviously work of national importance.

Perhaps it is, but I'd prefer to continue pursuing knowledge for its own sake.

Maybe, but whether you work in a University or in an industrial

laboratory you'll be employing the same scientific method, the same mental approach—and is there anything derogatory in

acquiring scientific knowledge to use it for practical ends?

I don't suppose there is, really.

Of course there isn't. And you might find yourself doing pure research in I.C.I.

anyway. About 15% of I.C.I.'s big research budget is devoted to fundamental

work, and some of the men engaged in it have achieved international recognition in their particular fields.



Leaving Amelia to her anaemic ameliorations, let us admit that Errol John has written something like a West Indian equivalent of an early O'Casey tragedy, though he hasn't the laughs and the lovely lingo. It moves very slowly at first. The climax seems to be making for one or other of two stock situations and then passes on as though they never existed to an ending whose muddle is a pattern of life itself. No wonder the stage version, 'Moon on a Rainbow Shawl', which is to be produced later this year, won first prize in *The Observer* competition. It may just be Amelia again, but I sometimes had the feeling that it would be possible to take a less sympathetic view of the motives and behaviour of these people. But if Mr. John is gentle to them he is not sentimental. What I take to be a largely West Indian company seemed to be doing what came naturally and compelled us to share the play's compassionate understanding. I remember praising, in this column a year ago, Errol John's acting in another West Indian play, as a boy who may grow up to be a poet. It begins to seem as though that might have been type casting. The Third Programme production by Donald McWhinnie and Robin Midgley was just right. If this was the dark of the moon, they made it shine.

But the improvement of shining hours is Amelia's special aptitude. In case we missed the moral of 'The Semi-Attached Couple'—Thea Holme's radio version of a novel by Emily Eden—she was there to underline it at the end:

Well—there were Alfred and I, who both fell in love at first sight, we are happy. Beaufort and Mary began by hating each other—they are happy. In Ernest's case, the love was all on the lady's side—and now, did anyone ever see a man in such a state of felicity as he is? And as to you and Teviot, dear Nell, the love was all on the gentleman's side, and yet—

—and yet, as dear Nell of course chimes in, they are decidedly the happiest couple of the four. Austenish, cosy, a well full of wishes come true, with epistolary episodes and pianoforte and string interludes between chapters, it was like swallowing a Sunday serial at a sitting. Mary Hope Allen produced it in the Home Service with evident affection, but in both senses the heroine of the occasion was Hermione Hannen, saddled with dear Nell.

The fact that Lord Teviot was, if a trifle temperamental at first, an ideal husband does not dawn upon her until he goes off to Lisbon on a mission (such a mistake!) where he naturally contracts a dangerous fever from which his wife nurses him devotedly back to bliss. Meantime the title itself is threatened by an upstart of irregular parentage (not actually heard, thank goodness) whose suit is sunk by timely discovery of family papers, unspecified. Not the least incredible event of the evening was that Miss Hannen made a delightful and charming character of Lady T., flattering the dear little fiction quite outrageously.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

History is Now

NEWS BULLETINS, 'Radio Newsreel', 'At Home and Abroad'—one tends to take them, except perhaps in war-time, for granted: a regular, reliable running commentary on the world and its ways. When nothing very exciting is happening, one may even feel the B.B.C. provides too generous a service: there is bound to be some repetition, and those familiar reports of two ambassadors meeting for half an hour or of a mile-long traffic-jam at Staines don't automatically become interesting just because they happened. There are even times when a 'Matter of Moment' hardly seems to matter as much as all that.

But now and then public events force themselves dramatically into the headlines, and in the week that is ending as I write this it's a fairly safe bet that most of us have been following the news about France not only daily, but hourly. By the time this article appears, fresh bulletins, new events, will have superseded those which, at this moment, are 'the latest'. The B.B.C. news bulletins can go into more editions than even the biggest metropolitan newspaper and keep us up to date from first thing in the morning till last thing at night. History does not wait for the written word, but the Spoken Word will catch it, whenever and wherever it is being made.

Whenever events of outstanding importance are going on, the regular news bulletins include direct despatches from B.B.C. special correspondents. This breaks into what is normally the prerogative of the Light Programme's excellent daily 'Radio Newsreel', in which a variety of topics from front-page ones down to 'interest' items are described, not by the impersonal news-reader but at first hand, by reporters on the spot. I always make for 'Radio Newsreel' when something interesting is happening: a political crisis, a strike, a spell of bad weather—'So you're completely cut off here, Mr. Jenkins?'—'Yes, that's right, we're completely cut off'. Whatever it is, and wherever it is happening, 'Radio Newsreel' will cover it with all the excitement of a real-life serial story.

One turns to the twice-weekly 'At Home and Abroad' for considered analyses of the hard news, sometimes by those same indefatigable reporters, sometimes by studio commentators. In last Tuesday's edition, William Pickles closely questioned a French journalist who was taking the line that for France any change, however dubious it might look abroad, was better than going on as she was. He did not seem to worry too much about the constitutional or long-term implications of a de Gaulle administration. Some more compelling and authoritative reassurances about the General were offered in Friday's edition by M. Maurice Schumann: it was unfortunate that he was cut off at the end in mid-sentence so that we could hear about (was it?) Ceylon. All of this, for us, here, was highly revealing background information.

But it's a small world as well as a big one, and local affairs are covered on sound radio as efficiently as international ones. Every day, after the six o'clock news, you can hear about retiring signalmen in Hertford or a hundredth birthday celebration in Southend. And if you turn your dial a bit to the left you may hear similar tit-bits about Birmingham or Wolverhampton: and so on over every region of the country. Some of these 'reports and recordings of local events' are highly entertaining: on two days this week there was a lively and flippant sound-picture of Oxford in Eights' Week which, if it had been—as it easily might have been—blown up into a half-hour starred feature, could have been infuriating: as it was, it was exactly right.

And finally, if you are smoking a last cigarette at eleven o'clock, what could be more soothing, after the late night final news bulletin, than the weather commentary, in which showers and bright periods seem to blend into an appropriate epitome of our mortal day? The London Stock Market closing reports, too, have, like life, their ups and downs; and, for good measure, you may catch one of those mysterious messages issued by the Royal Society for observers taking part in the work of the International Geophysical Year—a special world interval will begin at midnight—which send the uninitiated to bed imagining that the earth is about to stop, poised in space and time, for some strange experiment about which we shall never be told.

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

Burlesque and Blood-bath

OPERA BEGAN as an attempt to re-create in modern terms the drama of ancient Athens, and its first subjects were taken from the legends and myths of Greece. To this same source composers have reverted throughout the centuries and, whether by chance or design, three examples were to be heard in the Third Programme last week—Rameau's 'Platée', Gluck's 'Alceste', whose broadcast from Glyndebourne occurred just too late for comment today, and Strauss' 'Elektra'.

Rameau's *ballet bouffon* enters the category under false colours. At least, I have been unable to find any classical authority for this tale of Jupiter's affair, disguised as a donkey, with the uncomely marsh-nymph. The remarkable thing about this burlesque of classical mythology is that it is so 'very French', as the term was applied by our grandparents to what they considered the less tasteful products of Gallic genius. Here in 1745 is a classical composer, the contemporary of Bach and Handel, anticipating the irreverence of 'La belle Hélène' and even at one point writing a tune that might have come from Offenbach's pen. The joke is rather too thin to sustain the burden of three acts. But it provided Rameau with opportunities for some of the delightful picturesque descriptions in which he excelled.

The performance, recorded at the Aix Festival, was much more stylish than the Mozart productions I have heard there. Michel Sénéchal handled the *travesti* role of Platée with tact and sang the difficult music in an accomplished style, and Santana's Jupiter was the very incarnation of resonant and ludicrous pomposity. The other parts were well sung, Nadine Sautereau especially distinguishing herself in the charming air of Thalia in the Prologue. But the chief delight of the piece came from the orchestra, directed by Hans Rosbaud. For here Rameau's melodic invention, his brilliant use of orchestral colour, and his witty imitations and comments upon the action add up to genius.

If 'Platée' is characteristically French in a vein exploited in our own day by Poulenc in 'Les Mamelles de Tirésias', 'Elektra' is *echt Deutsch* (c. 1910) in its emphasis on the reek of blood and in the morbid pathology of the characterisation. Only Orestes is wholly sane in body and mind, and, pillar of strength and light though he is amid tottering minds and dark horror, he too is conscious of being a doomed figure as well as an executor of doom. Chrysothemis is, perhaps, intended to represent graceful and charming humanity besides Elektra's inhuman obsession with revenge. But the gentler sister is, too, neurotically obsessed and ego-centric. She engages our affection even less than Elektra, whose single-mindedness and disregard for her own interests are on a grand heroic scale. At her greatest moments—in the invocation of her father's spirit, in her ironic dialogue with her dreadful mother, and in the wonderful tenderness and joy of the recognition scene, where she assumes for a brief moment a Sophoclean humanity—this Elektra is not unworthy of her Greek prototypes.

The character was magnificently presented by Gerda Lammers, a singer and an actress of outstanding gifts. Strauss is said to have demanded that 'Salome' (and I suppose the remark can apply equally to 'Elektra') should be played like Mendelssohn's fairy-music. Rudolf Kempe brought to the score that kind of delicacy and tact, making it possible for the protagonist to sing her appallingly exacting music in the style of a good *Lieder*-singer, with nuances and inflections that brought every word to life. And one could really hear all, or nearly all, her words. That is an achievement I had

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never hoped to experience in this opera. And it is one of which both the Chrysothemis and the Klytemnestra (excellent though Georgine von Milinkovic's portrayal of the repulsive creature was in all other respects) fell short. Otakar Kraus' Orestes had the right qualities of repose and dignity, and in the theatre wrung one's pity by an anguished turn of the head before entering the palace. Alas! that this fine dramatic conception of the part was not matched by beauty of tone.

It has been on my conscience that I have not hitherto found space to discuss the series of

Haydn programmes presented by H. C. Robbins Landon. This is in the best Third Programme tradition, at once scholarly in presentation and performed in first-rate musical style. Not all Mr. Landon's discoveries are, perhaps, as swan-like as, with the natural pride of the successful researcher, he would have us believe. Some are on the level of pictures that a great painter has discarded and which are put on the market by his heirs after his value has appreciated. Frankly I found the 'Applausus' composed by Haydn for some monastic celebration rather a bore, well though it was performed. The 'madrigal' of

1792 and the magnificent (and more familiar) 'Te Deum' of 1799 were more rewarding. The original version of the 'Roxelane' Symphony, included in the programme, is an attractive example of Haydn's middle period with a slow movement that anticipates the one in the 'Military' Symphony, while the finale from 'Il mondo della luna' in the first of these programmes contained some amusing burlesque as well as what sounded like a sketch for 'the impatient husbandman' song in 'The Seasons'. Like other great artists, Haydn was 'all of a piece'.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'Tristan' and the Realism of Adolescence

By HANS KELLER

Wagner's 'Tristan und Isolde' will be broadcast at 6.30 p.m. on Thursday, June 12 (Third Programme)

IN the recent Twentieth Century-Fox picture, 'The Young Lions', which is about a Wehrmacht lieutenant with a conscience, the semi-hero, in the shape of Marlon Brando, is seduced by the wife of his C.O. to the strains of 'Tristan'. The episode, as every musical film-goer knows, is typical, and the fact that it is typical is symptomatic.

Symptomatic, in the first place, of the width of Wagner's actual or at least potential popularity. Millions of people hear his music, some of it, who never go inside an opera house or concert hall. In the second place, however, there is the opposite feeling too: Wagner as a pet aversion. For some considerable time it has been a natural law in Hollywood to associate Wagner with either brutality or morbidity, and in particular with Nazidom. One wonders how many musical film-goers have stopped to think that by inescapable implication, Marlon Brando is identified with Tristan, his brutal C.O. with King Marke, the latter's ultra-blonde spouse with Isolde, and the love potion with the alcoholic beverage appropriate to the occasion. Neither 'Don Giovanni' nor 'Fidelio' nor 'Otello' nor even 'La Bohème' ever finds itself misused, in its own way, with anything like the same emotional ambiguity.

What happens below the cultural belt, however, is only a cruder, not to say simpler, version of what happens above it. Next year 'Tristan' will be a hundred years old. It has become a classic—except that when you mention it there is not the same calm look in the other man's eye as when you speak of 'The Magic Flute'. The anxious glance, the tense, silent question 'For or against?' is still there. A Wagnerian is unlike a Mozartian because there are no anti-Mozartians.

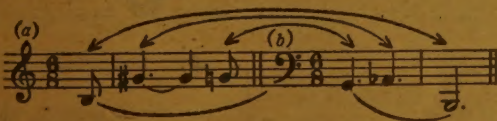
Nor has the situation developed much further on the loftiest, most 'objective' plane, that of history, musicology, and the rest, where, one would suppose, Wagner's genius was by now an object rather than a subject, something to understand rather than to react to or against. 'The Case of Wagner', as Nietzsche called it when, significantly enough, he turned from a brilliant Wagnerian into a brilliant anti-Wagnerian, seems as alive as ever. As a matter of fact, in 1941, fifty-three years after Nietzsche had written his piece, Wilhelm Furtwängler, in an essay of the same title ('Der Fall Wagner: Frei nach Nietzsche'), replied to it as if it had been written yesterday. Furtwängler's detached and cleared reflections may be the best thing that has altogether been said about Wagner in general and 'Tristan' in particular. They are still totally unknown in this country and ought to be translated without delay.

Meanwhile, most recent among the most distinguished, there is T. Wiesengrund Adorno,

the German music philosopher-in-chief, whose fascinating book *Versuch über Wagner* (1952) wants to have it both ways in the author's usual manner, yet cannot conceal his basically anti-Wagnerian sentiments; probably he was a Wagnerian to begin with too.

What the Adorno book teaches the sensitive is that the lofty view itself, whether it expresses itself critically, philosophically, or historically, can easily be a rationalisation of hostility. History, in particular, easily lends itself to the discharge of ambivalent emotion; you only have to make someone into a great historical figure and it is understood that he cannot be all that great a creator.

There is no work, great or small, about whose historical significance more has been written than about 'Tristan'. One would be a little less suspicious of all this history if the influence of the work on our new music, which admittedly is immense, had been traced in hard technical detail. But what we usually hear is generalities about the chromaticism of 'Tristan' (the one point which nobody ever fails to mention) and its significance for the Schönbergian revolution. This, in any case, is purely negative, as indeed is atonality as such. You cannot explain new integrations by the mere disintegration of the old. And positively, most of what Schönberg learnt from Wagner has remained undiscovered, some of it even by Schönberg himself, who does mention Wagner's 'kinship of notes and chords' (see the current issue of *The Score*), but not his tone-rows. For what else is one to call the opening solo notes of the basic Tristan motif (or rather its sequence (a)) when, say, they accompany, crab-wise, Isolde's proposed suicide pact with him (b)?



I have demonstrated serial technique in classical music, but there it is fundamentally a question of 'degree rows' rather than tone rows as such. It is in 'Tristan' that sets of notes, melodic motifs, free themselves from their harmonic as well as their rhythmic commitments. We can learn more from the fate of these three notes than from pages and pages on the chromaticism of 'Tristan'.

As if Wagner had invented chromaticism! 'Tristan' stands near the end of chromaticism, not at the beginning: the chromatic notes are becoming too important to be chromatic, to remain mere harmonic colour of diatonicism. What the emotive description does try to signify, however, is the unique emotional atmosphere, indeed the strange emotional sphere, of

'Tristan'; and here lies, I think, the answer to the question of our continued ambivalence towards the work, from Hollywood to Wiesengrund Adorno.

The tragic fulfilment of romantic love which is more meaningful, more alive than life itself, the conquest of a mother figure: 'Tristan' is an adolescent dream which, with hypnotic consistency, is dreamt to its bitter end. When we nowadays read about our infantile death-wishes, we accept them without ado; they are so deeply buried in our unconscious that we can afford our intellectual acceptance without having to fear emotional involvement. Our adolescent mind, on the other hand, is but pre-conscious, and when we are faced with it we get worried. 'There, but for the grace of God, go I'; we glibly say about a murderer; but we don't say the same thing about Tristan, because in his case we are not so very sure about the grace of God.

Wagner's achievement in 'Tristan', then, is twofold. For one thing, he gets to the bottom of the psychic reality that is the adolescent world. For another, and more frightening, thing, he shows us to what extent our self-styled 'maturity' is sour grapes. Adolescence, we come to realise, sees things we don't; in fact, it sees us: adolescence is the most ruthless analysis of adulthood. What is more, the adolescent vividly experiences the ultimate problem whose very existence most of us are trying to forget—the question of how love, life, and death hang together. It needed the adolescent world of 'Tristan' to roll the deepest glimpses of philosophy (Schopenhauer), religion (nirvana) and indeed future science (Freud's life- and death-instincts) into a tangible whole. If to be mature is to be realistic, then adolescence can be maturer than maturity.

With the first bars of the 'Tristan' Prelude, we are at once thrown into adolescent maturity. If we are too weak to submit, too much afraid of losing our identity, we really cannot blame Wagner for it. The morbidity, in that case, lies this side of the wireless set.

The sixty-fourth season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts will open at the Royal Albert Hall on July 26 and will continue until September 20. Tickets for seats for the first and last nights are to be allocated by two ballots—ballot No. 1 for the first concert and ballot No. 2 for the last concert. Written application must be made separately for each ballot, accompanied by an unstamped, addressed envelope, to the Royal Albert Hall, London, S.W.7, by June 14. Envelopes must be marked in the top left-hand corner with the number of the ballot; remittances should not be enclosed. Opening booking dates for other concerts will be announced in due course.

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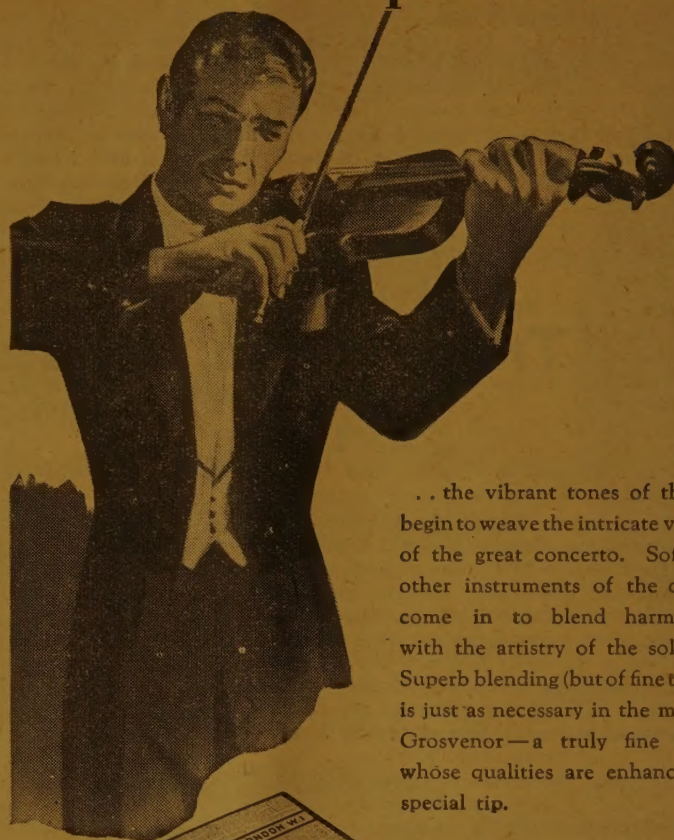
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

DECORATING PLASTER WALLS

FRESHLY PLASTERED WALLS should be left without decoration for a period of up to three months. There are two reasons for this. First, it allows the work to dry out properly; and, also, the alkaline content of the plaster becomes neutralised.

If you paint or distemper new plaster it will continue to sweat, and water runs will appear on your walls and will leave nasty stains when they dry. If you paper before it is properly dry, the moisture will melt the paste and the paper will come away from the wall. If the alkali, or lime, in the plaster has not had time to be neutralised, two serious results will appear. The paint will refuse to dry and will remain always sticky. This is called saponification, or, in other words, a soapy mess. And, also, it will cause the colour to fade out of the distemper or the pattern of your paper.

But if decoration is urgently necessary, as for instance in business premises, a coat of emulsion paint is the best medium. It is less liable to be ruined than most other materials by the new plaster because it lets the moisture through easily and the water can be wiped off the smooth surface without leaving stains behind.

J. P. MOSTYN

PATCHING WALLPAPER

If you have reason to apply a patch to wallpaper, never cut it or it will show up. First match up a length of paper with the area to be covered, allowing plenty of margin for overlap. Then hold the patch with the pattern towards you, and tear off a strip all round—tearing the paper away from you. By this means, a little of the back of the patch will be removed, leaving

the patterned side tapered off to a feather edge. If this is matched up carefully on the wall, the joins will not show and the repair, when dry, will be invisible.

J. P. MOSTYN

FOR UNEXPECTED VISITORS

If you have unexpected visitors, here is a meal you can make from ingredients you have probably got in the house, and the whole thing need not take more than half an hour to prepare: stuffed savoury pancakes, followed by toffee pudding.

For the stuffed savoury pancakes, you make very thin pancakes. As you cook them, lay each pancake on the next and keep them wrapped in a clean dry cloth in a warm place until they are all ready. For the stuffing you can use almost any mixture of chopped or minced left-over meat, poultry, bacon or fish—or you can use rice and tomato, or cooked spinach or cauliflower with grated cheese or breadcrumbs. Season your stuffing well, spread not too thickly on the pancakes, roll them up and arrange them in rows on a fireproof dish. Pour over them a tomato or cheese sauce and then put them in the oven or under the grill for a few moments to make sure they are hot.

For the toffee pudding, cut some thick fingers of stale white bread. Now get ready two saucepans. In one, bring ½ pint of milk to the boil. In the other melt together equal quantities of golden syrup, demerara sugar, and butter—about 4 oz. of each for four people. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Dip the bread first in the boiling milk, then in the toffee mixture, coating each finger well. Pile the bread in a hot fireproof dish and pour over it the remains of the toffee

sauce. Service with top of the milk, evaporated milk, or cream.

MARGARET RYAN

BELGIAN EGGS

This easy, tasty dish is made with hard-boiled eggs, which are cut in half, and put in a really well-flavoured, thick, shrimp sauce, topped with a mixture of grated cheese and breadcrumbs, and browned under the grill.

CHRISTINE CANTI

A cookery book intended primarily for the new, and therefore less experienced, housewife is *Learning to Cook*, by Marguerite Patten (Pan Books, 3s. 6d.). The first section deals with equipping the kitchen and gives tables showing how to choose, cook, and serve meat, poultry, game, vegetables, and fish. The second section explains specialised cookery terms, gives hints on using left-overs, and the quantities to allow for when shopping. Section three contains a monthly calendar of foods in season, with instructions for cooking them, together with a 'plan of work' for the main meal of each day.

Notes on Contributors

- E. R. LEACH (page 926): Reader in Social Anthropology, Cambridge University
ANDREW ROTH (page 927): journalist; contributor to the *Sunday Times* and the *Singapore Standard*
RICHARD PETERS (page 931): Lecturer in Philosophy, London University
REV. JOSEPH McCULLOCH (page 935): Vicar of St. Mary's Church, Warwick
WILLIAM PLOMER (page 939): author of *At Home—Memoirs, Cecil Rhodes, I Speak of Africa*, etc.

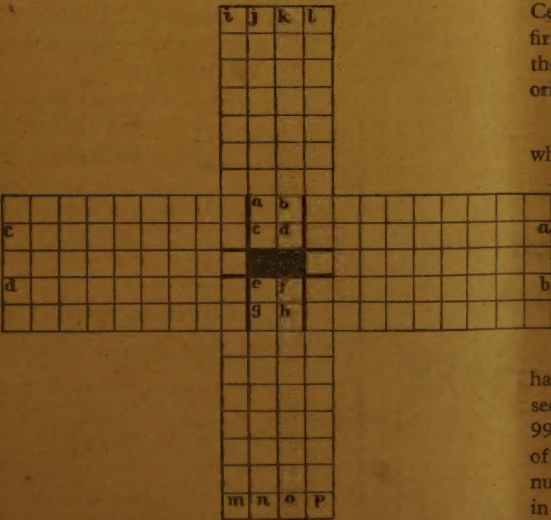
Crossword No. 1,462.

Nines.

By Ramal

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 12. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



Certain integers may be found such that when the first digit is removed and replaced at the end of the number the resulting integer is exactly half the original number. The problem is to find the numbers

$$N = (a_1 a_2 a_3 \dots a_{n-1} a_n)$$

where a_1, a_2, a_3, \dots represent the digits, such that:

$$N = (a_1 a_2 a_3 \dots a_{n-1} a_n) = 2(a_2 a_3 \dots a_{n-1} a_n a_1)$$

There are nine different numbers, N, corresponding to each value of a_1 from 1 to 9, but they are all eighteen-digit numbers, and they are inter-related in a particular way. Each of the numbers, N, also has the property that if it is split in half and the second half is added to the first, the sum is always 999,999,999. In this puzzle each of the nine values of N is split in two; each of the eighteen 9-digit numbers so formed is used once only and entered in the diagram either vertically downwards or horizontally from left to right.

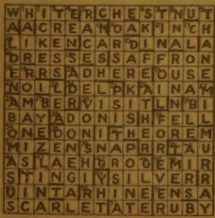
CLUES

1. c,d,e,f are successive integers.

2. $(cd) = 1 + (gh)$
3. $(ab) = 1 + 2(cd)$
4. $(ef) = 1 + 2(gh)$
5. $(ijkl) = 8,000 - (lk)^2$
6. $(ij) = 6(lk)$
7. $(mnop) = (c)^2(dc)^2 + (c)^2(c + d)^2$
8. The value of N for $a_1 = 9$ is the centre number of the puzzle reading from left to right.

The term (ab) represents the two-digit number in which a,b are the respective digits.

Solution of No. 1,460



NOTES

The ten pairs of unclued lights were associated as follows: white feather; horse chestnut; Devonshire cream; cardinal point; Saffron Walden; 'Forever Amber'; Donegal Bay; silver lining; scarlet runner; Ruby Murray.

1st prize: A. H. Haddy (Manchester, 19); 2nd prize: Major D. A. Campbell (Argyll); 3rd prize: Mrs. A. Redish (E. Horsley)

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